

[94-013]

Madme Buonaparte Waltz



Miss Elizabeth Carnegie favorite Waltz



Miss Ann Carnegies favorite Waltz

Miss Ann Carnegies Allemande

two second bars of the second part

Pia

The Bearded Boy

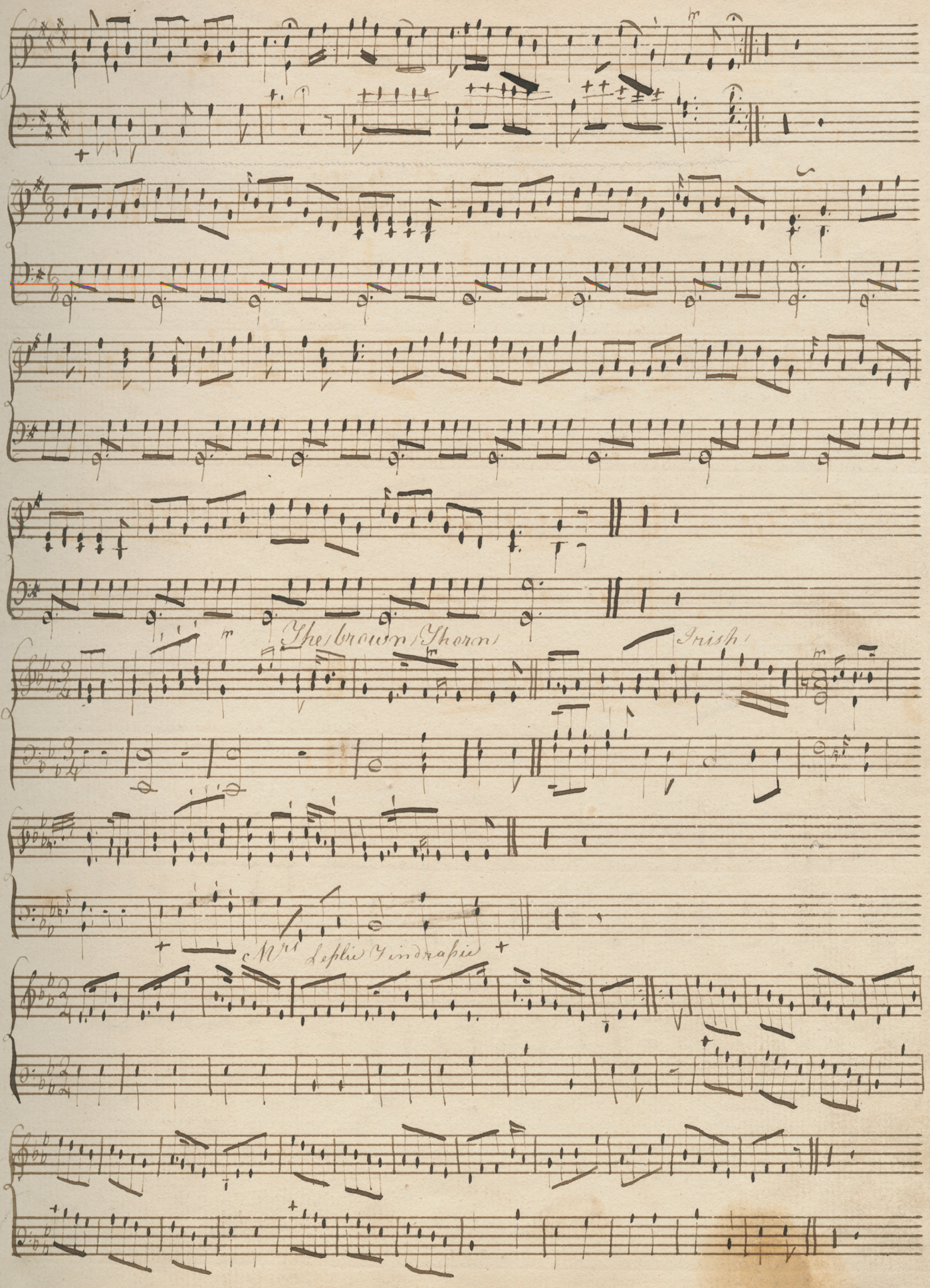
Irish

Pia

Pia

Jig

Irish


The brown Thorn
Irish
Mrs Leslie Findrapie

Carolan's Concerto Irish



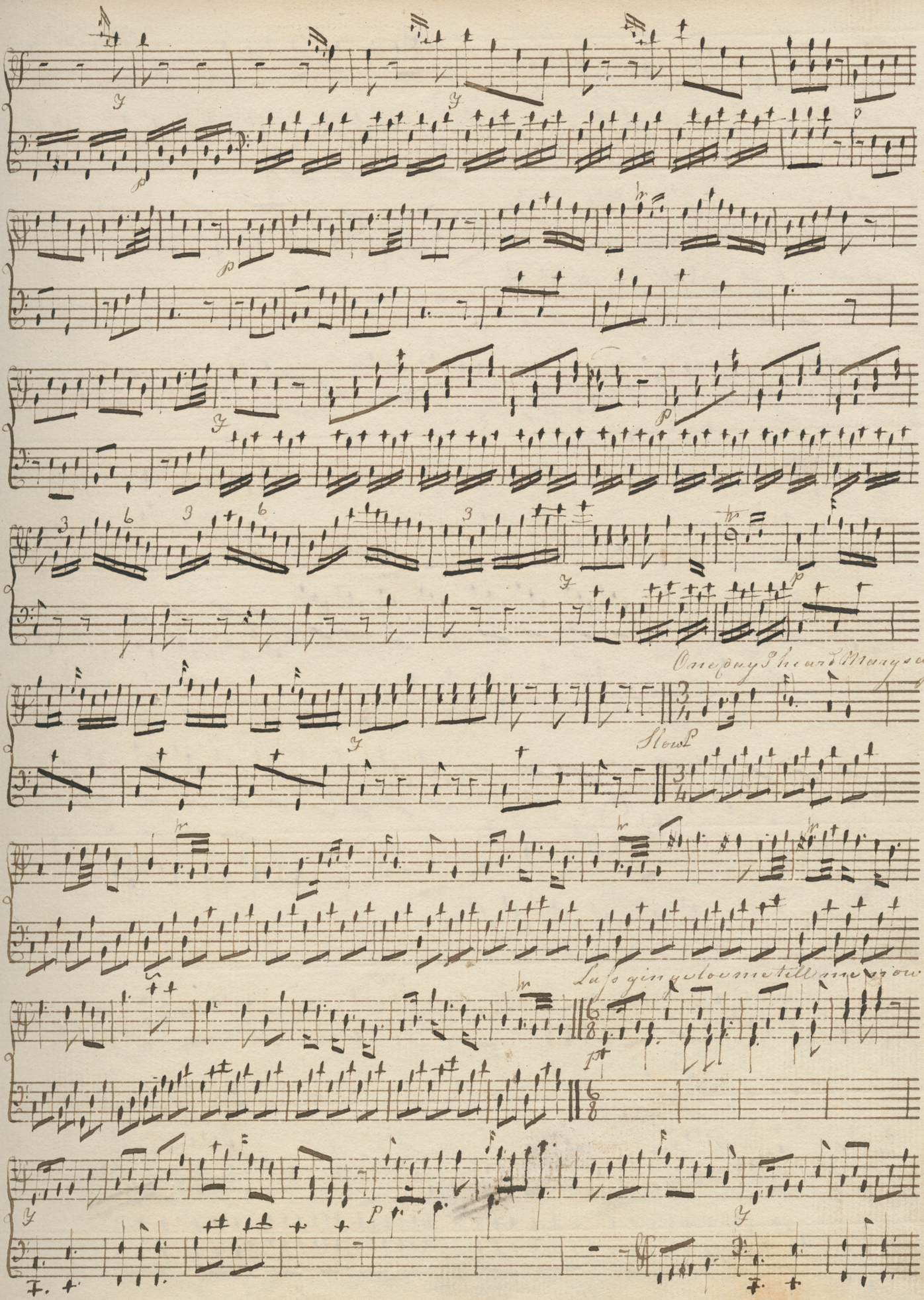
Lady Montgomerie's

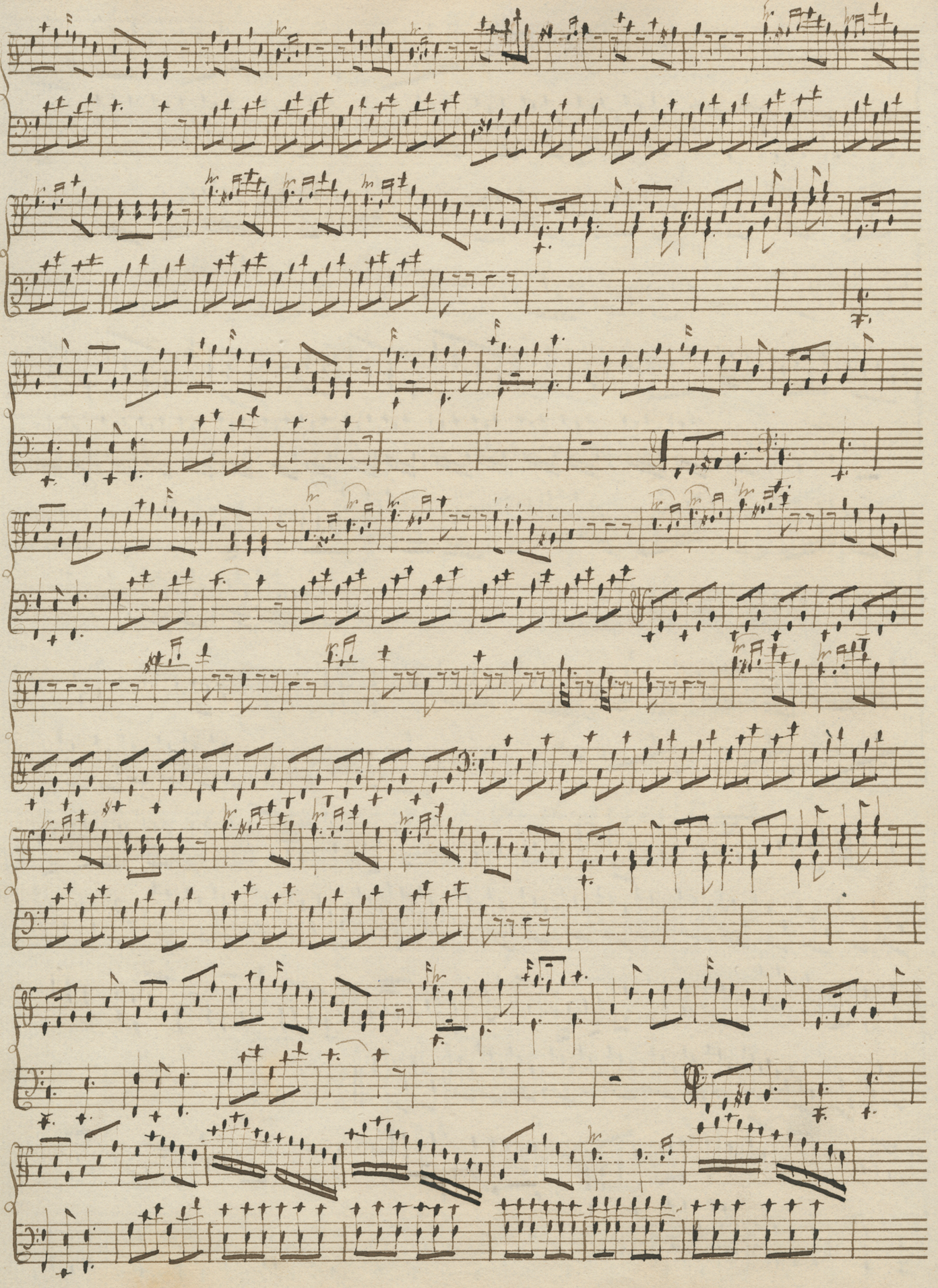




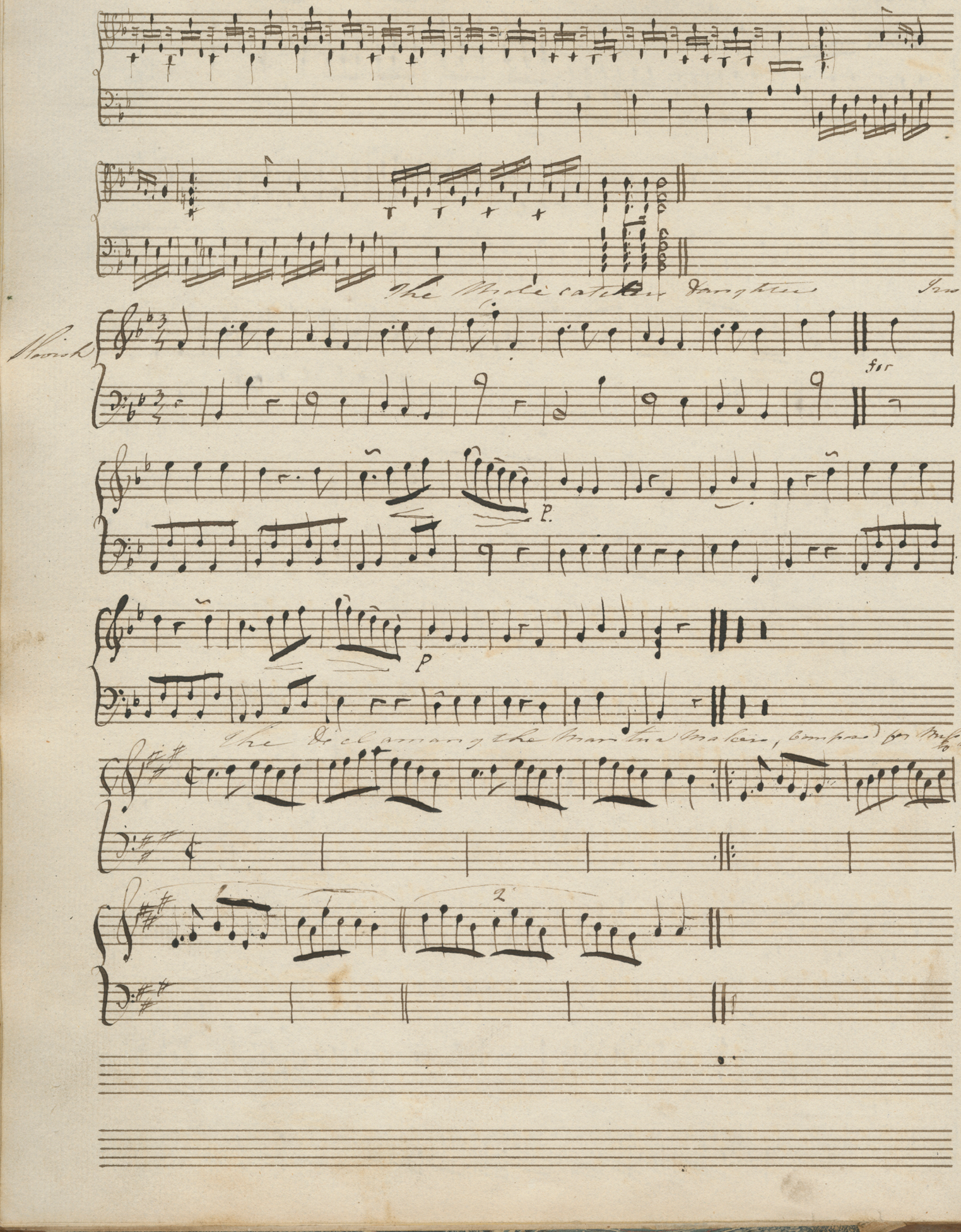
Butters Miscellaneous Lesson



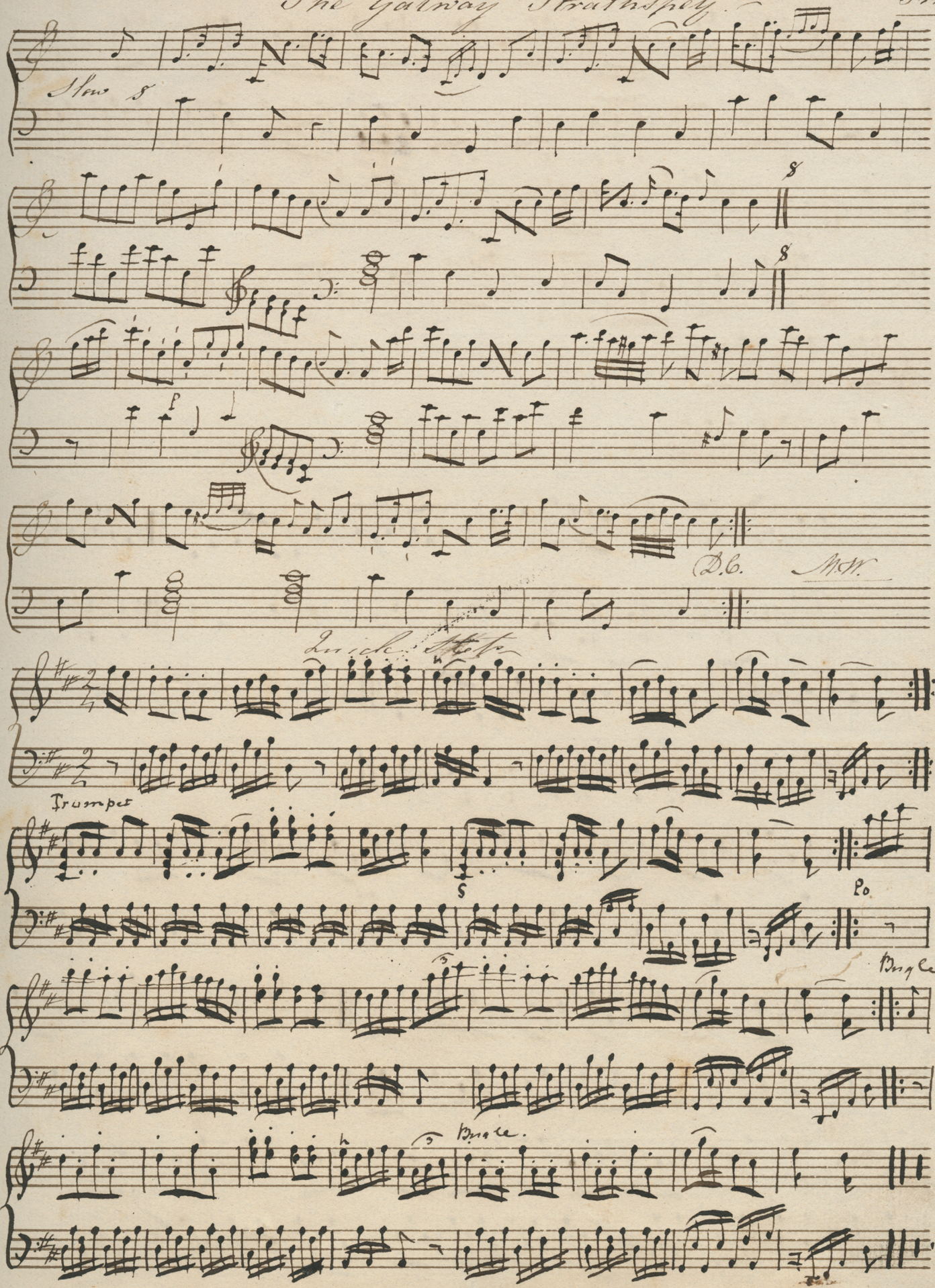

Slow

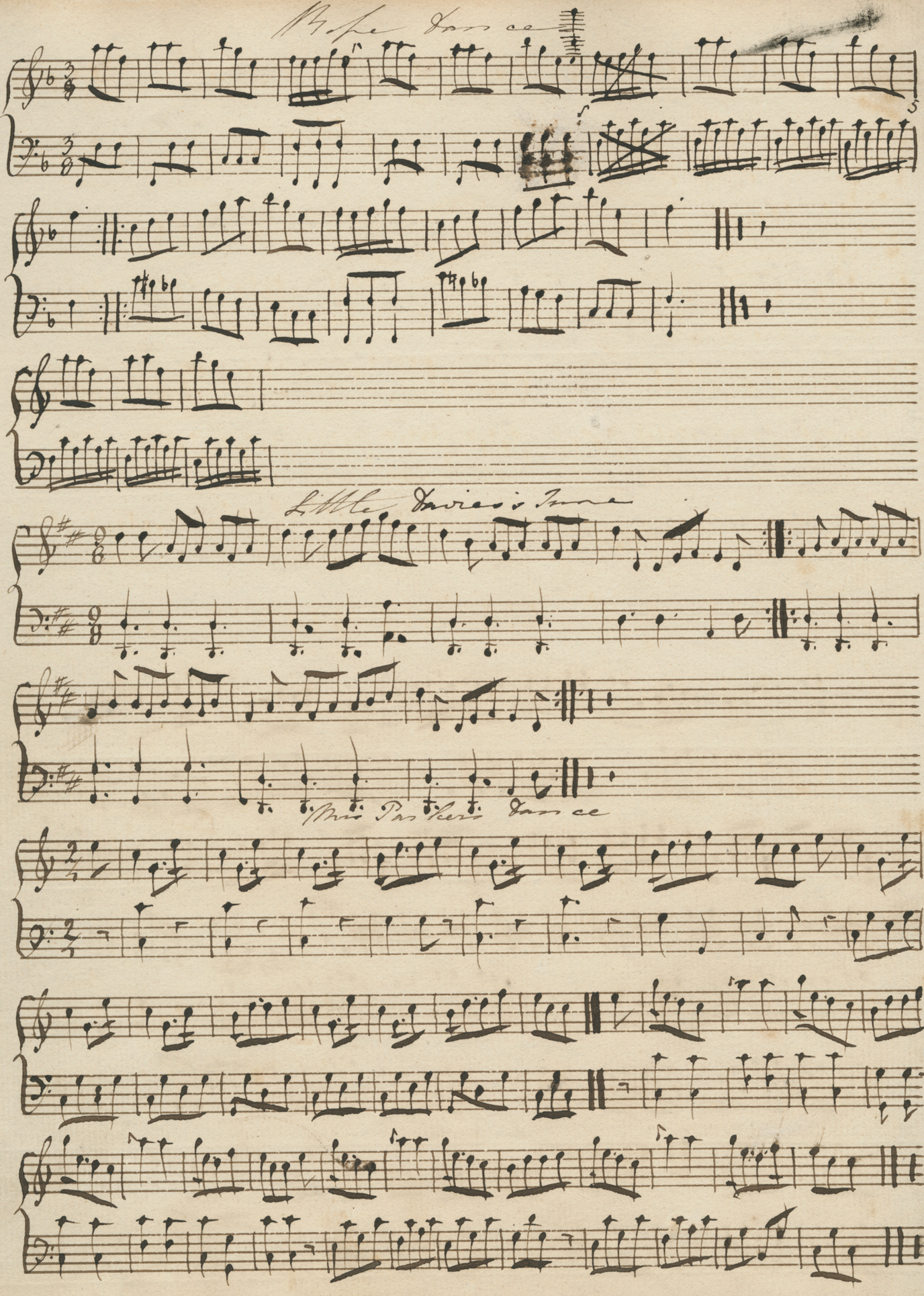



Eine


The Whole eaten Daughter
Irish
Minuet
for
p.
p
The Declaring the Man to be Mad, Compos'd for

The Galway Strathspey.

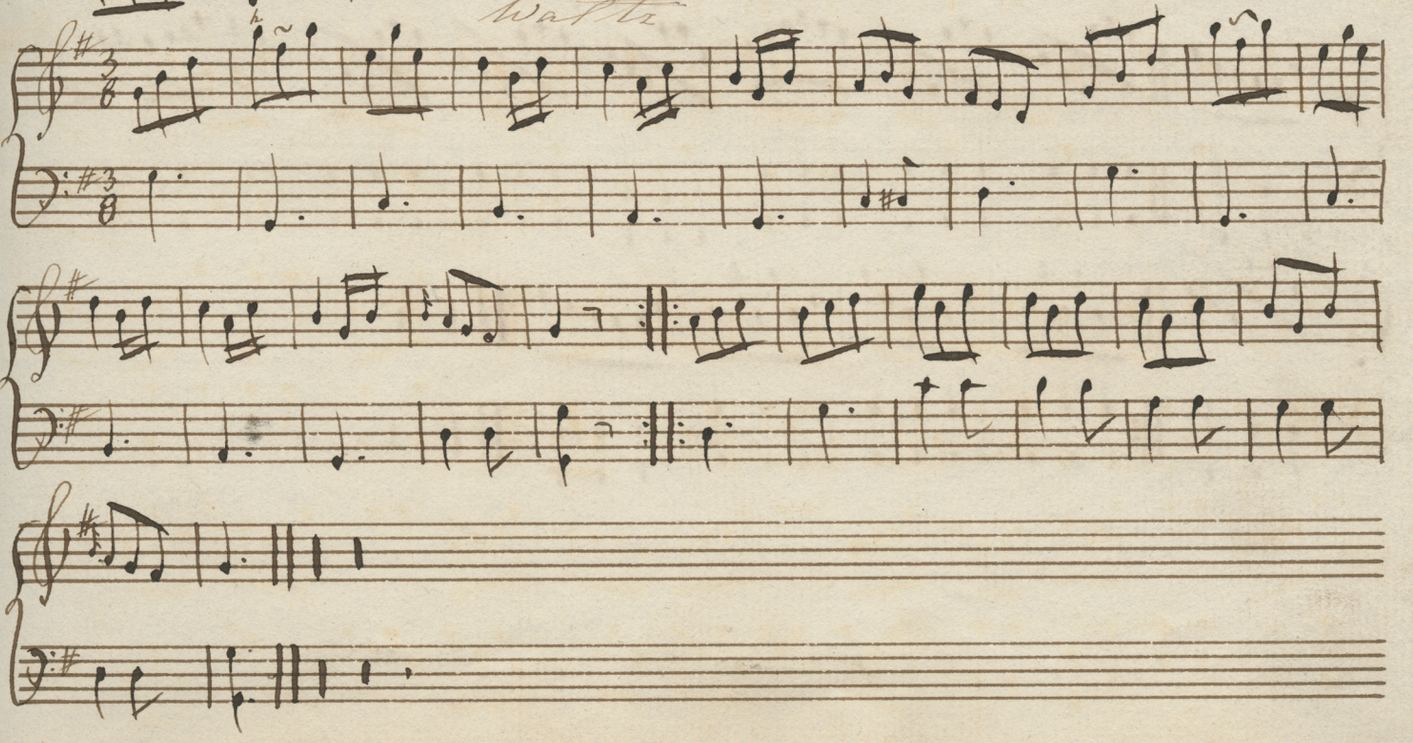



Little Davies's Jame
Miss Parker's Dance

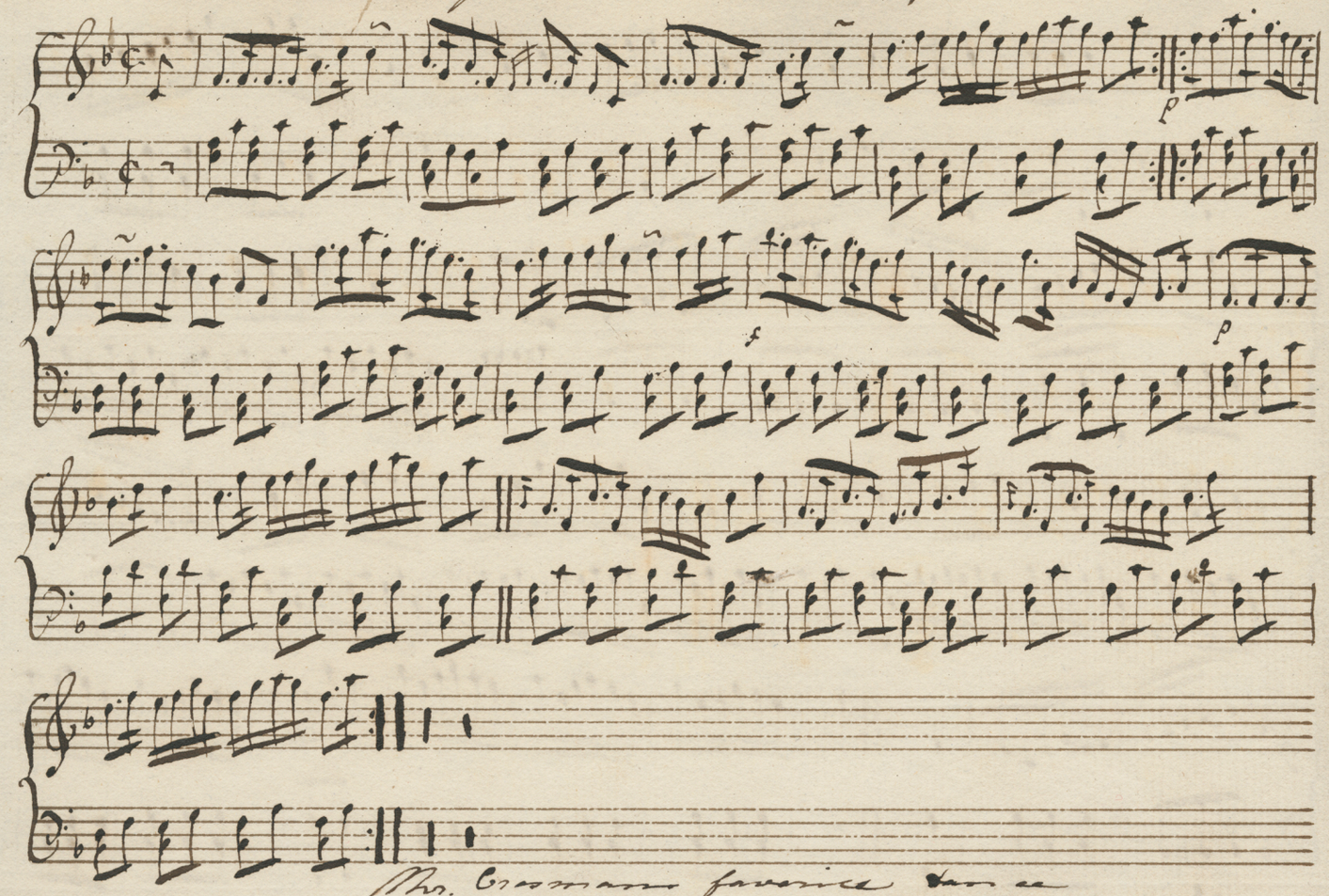
Waltz



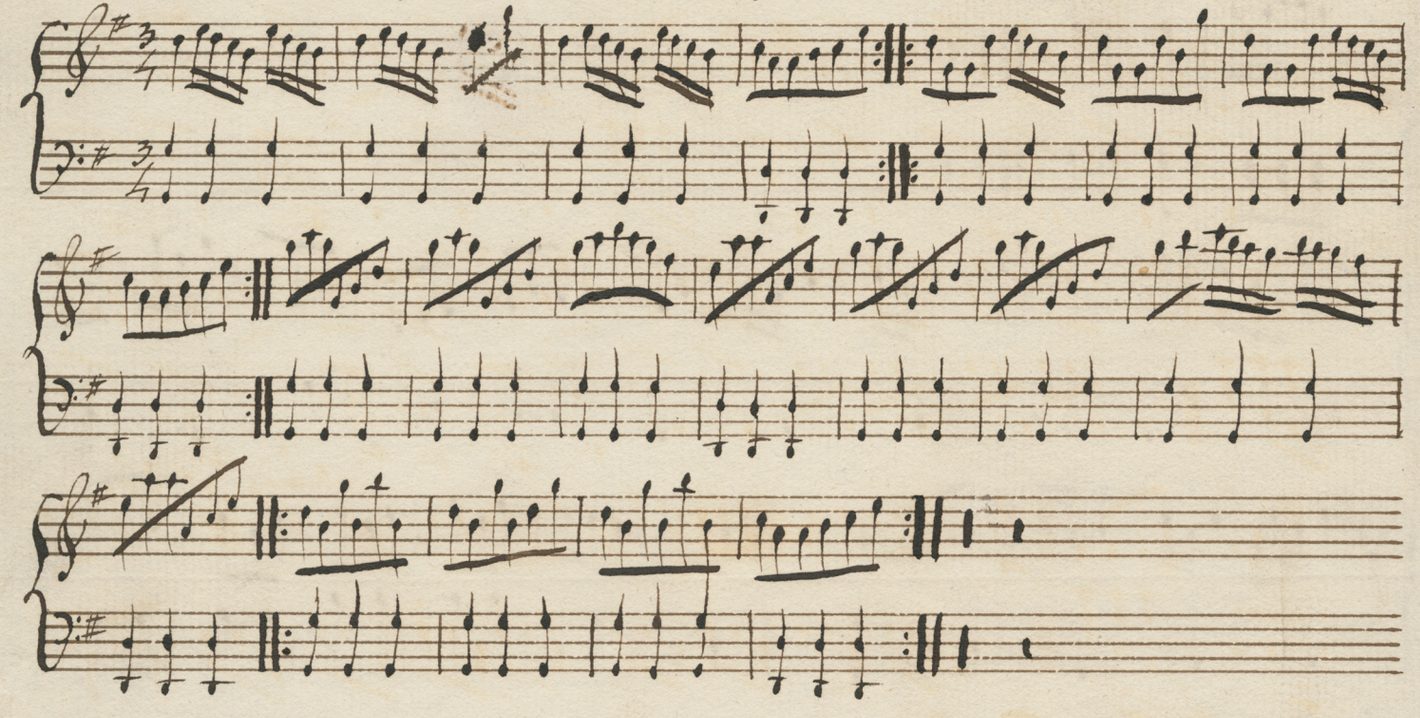
Waltz



The Earle of Mairis Strathspey



Mrs. Grannam favorite Tune



Mr. Smith's Favorite

8.

8.

2d. 1/b

8. D.C.

2 ll Segno.

Rock a wee pickle tow

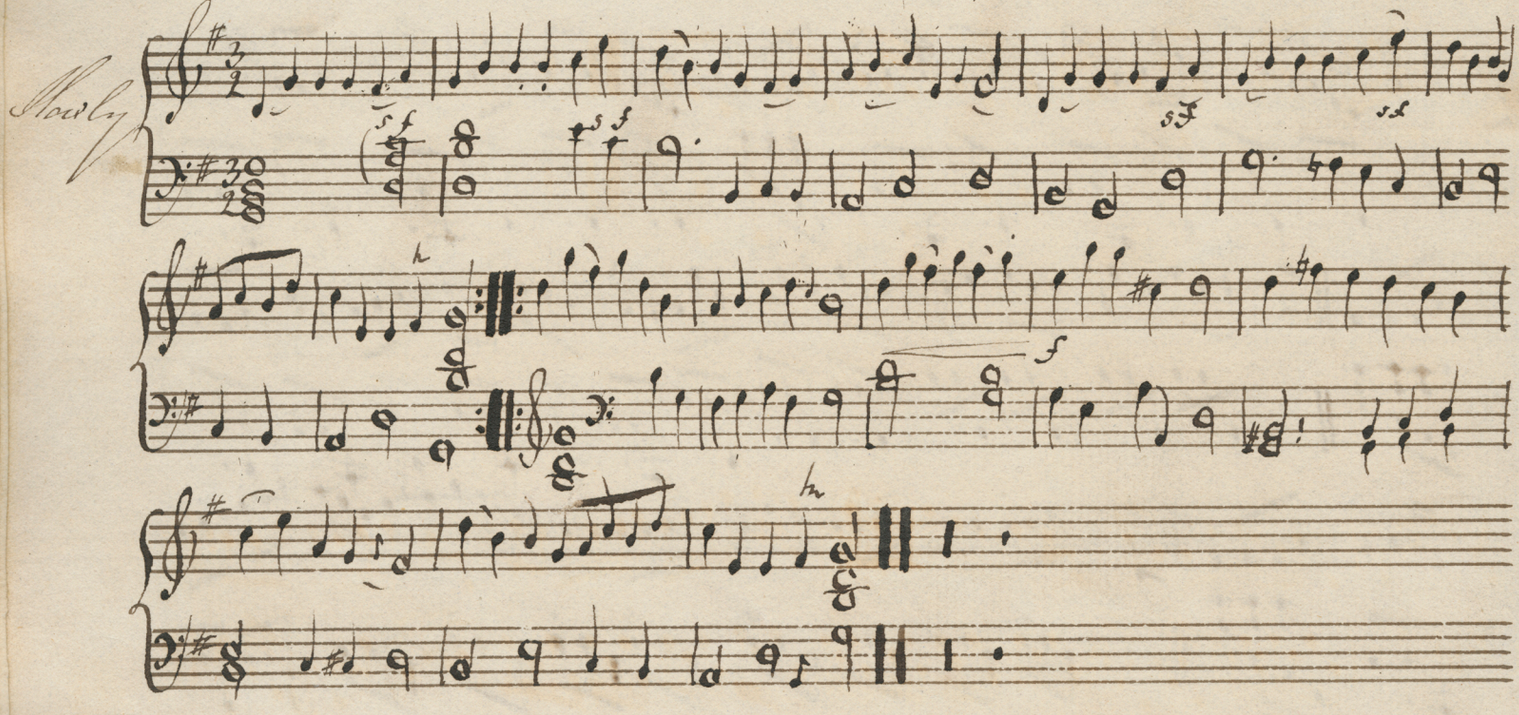
Lively but not too fast

2 time 8va Alto Adlibitum

Marchioness Cornwallis. Duet by Mrs M.



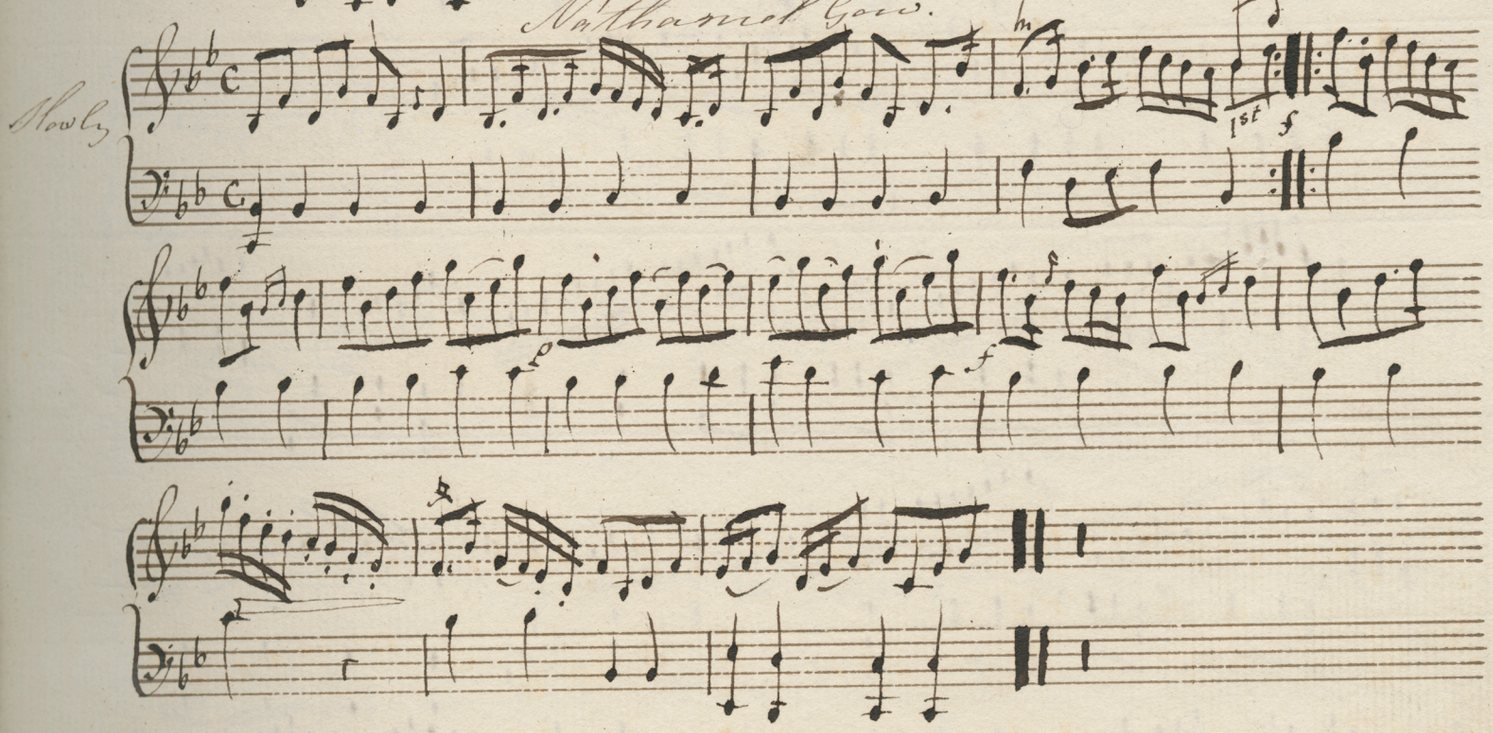
Miss Mary Lumsdaines Favorite



Some Body

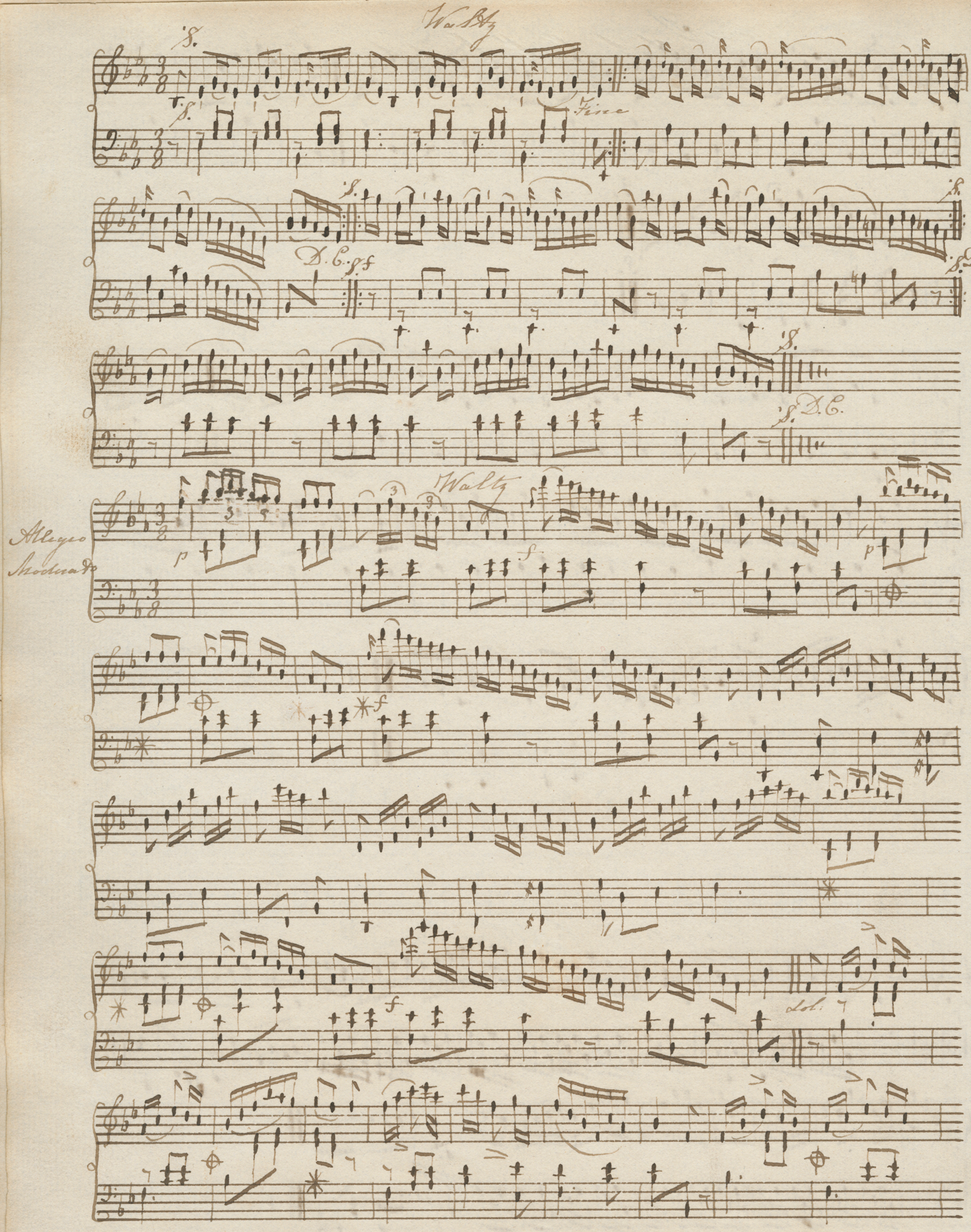


Nathaniel Gow.



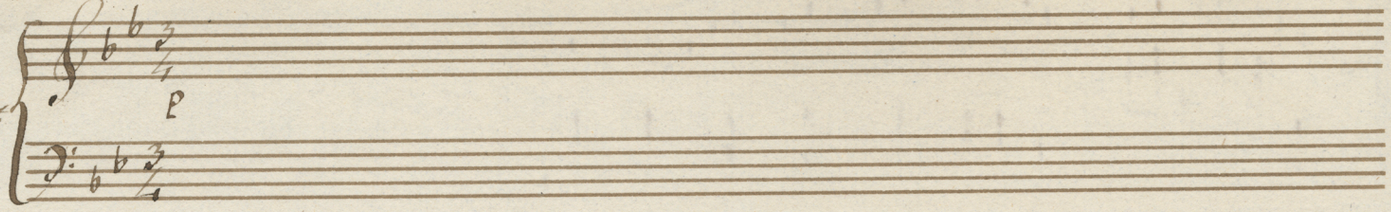
Farewell to Whisky



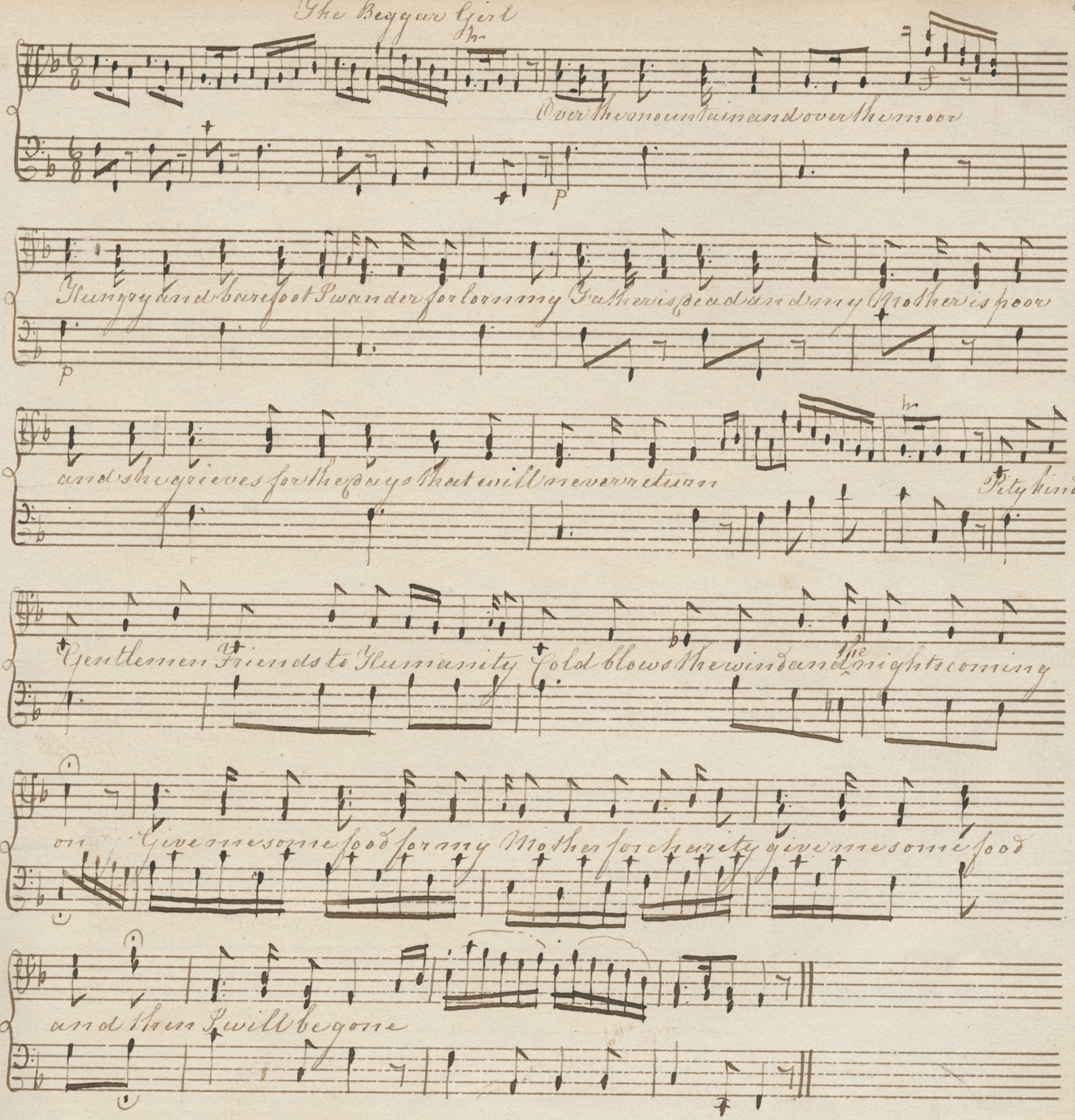

Waltz
8.
8.
Fine
8.
D.C. ff
8.
D.C.
8.
8.
D.C.
Waltz
Allegro
Moderato
p
f
p
f
f
Loh.


Da Capo
Lady Catherine Bligh
Adagio
Allegro
a tempo

Ler ber Augustine. a Favorite Air



The Beggar Girl



Call me not Sagi back and bold enough
Fain would I learn both to knit and to sew

O think while your selves go cure less and free
From storms from the wind and well clothed and fed

For two little Brothers at home when they're old enough,
They will work hard for the gifts I bestow

Should fortune so change it how hard it would be
To beg bat a poor for an apparel of bread

Pity kind Gentlemen &c.

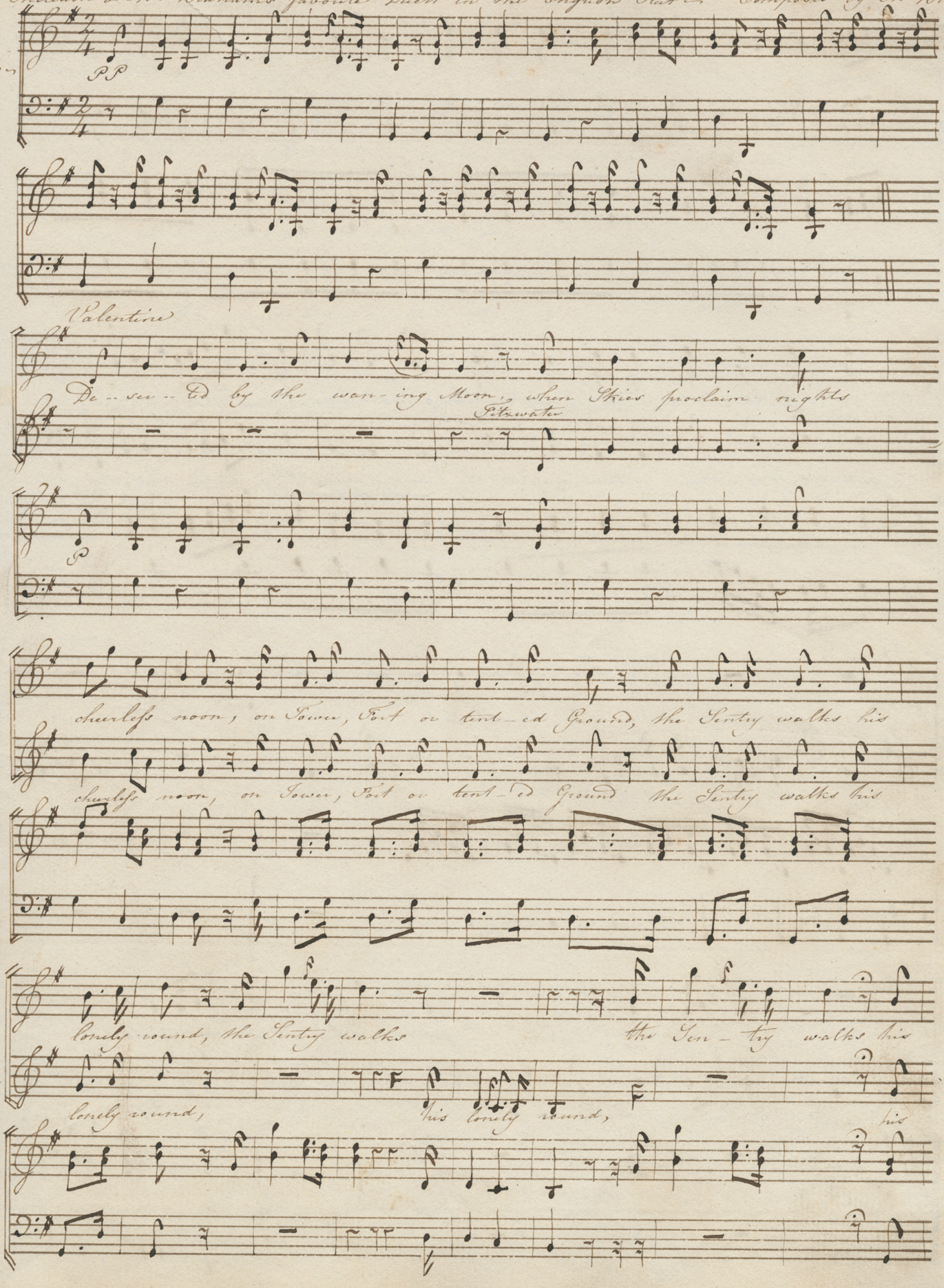
Pity kind Gentlemen &c.

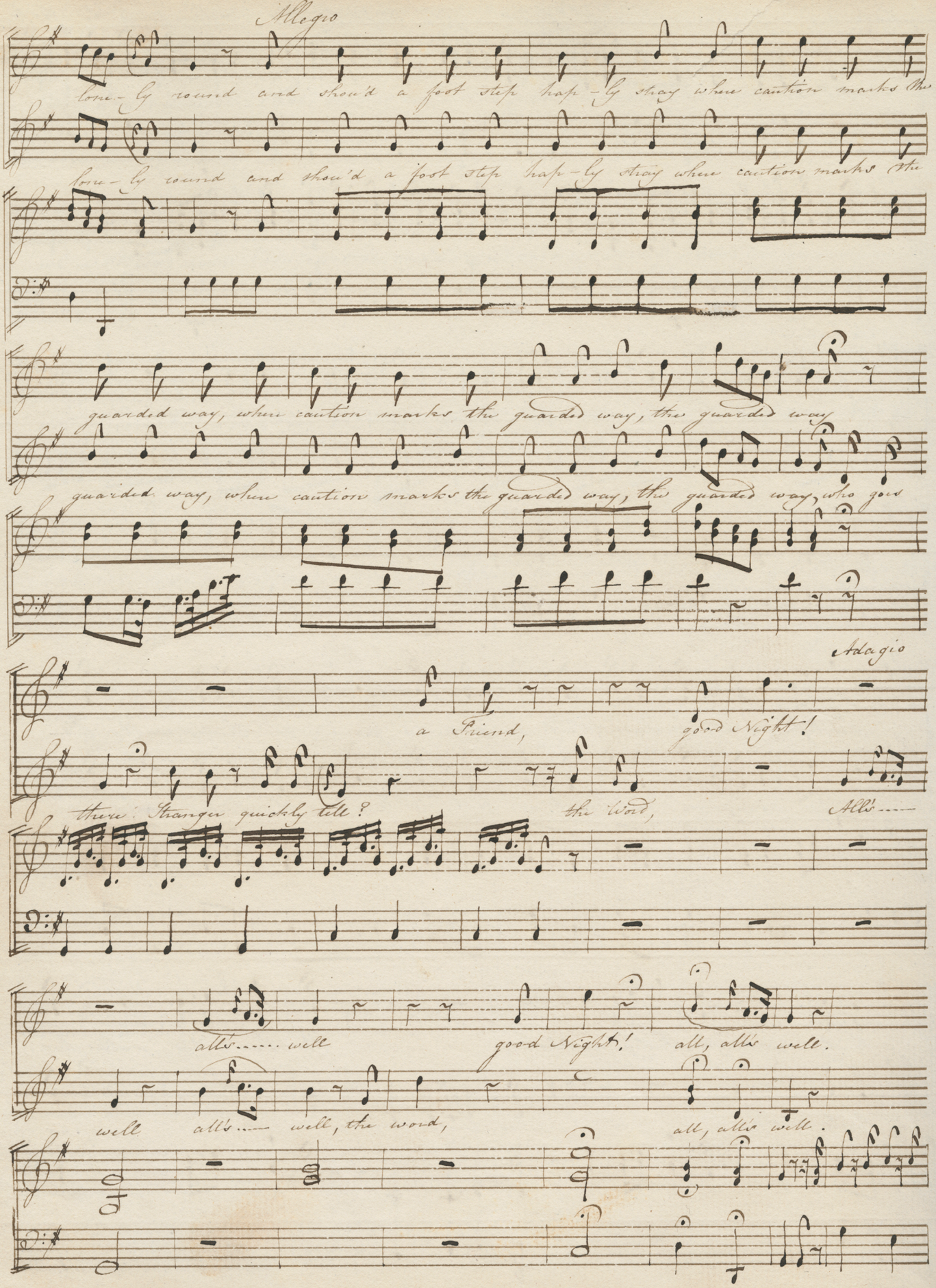
I'm o'er young to marry yet

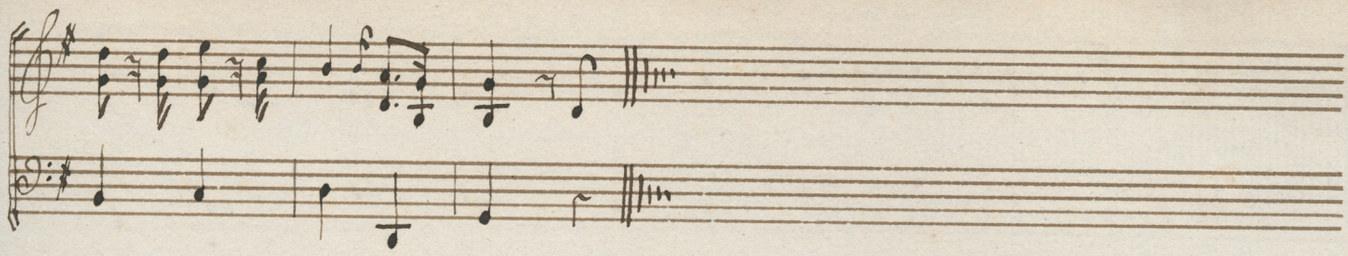


All's Well

Mr. Incledon & Mr. Braham's favorite Duett in the English Flat — Composed by Mr. Braham

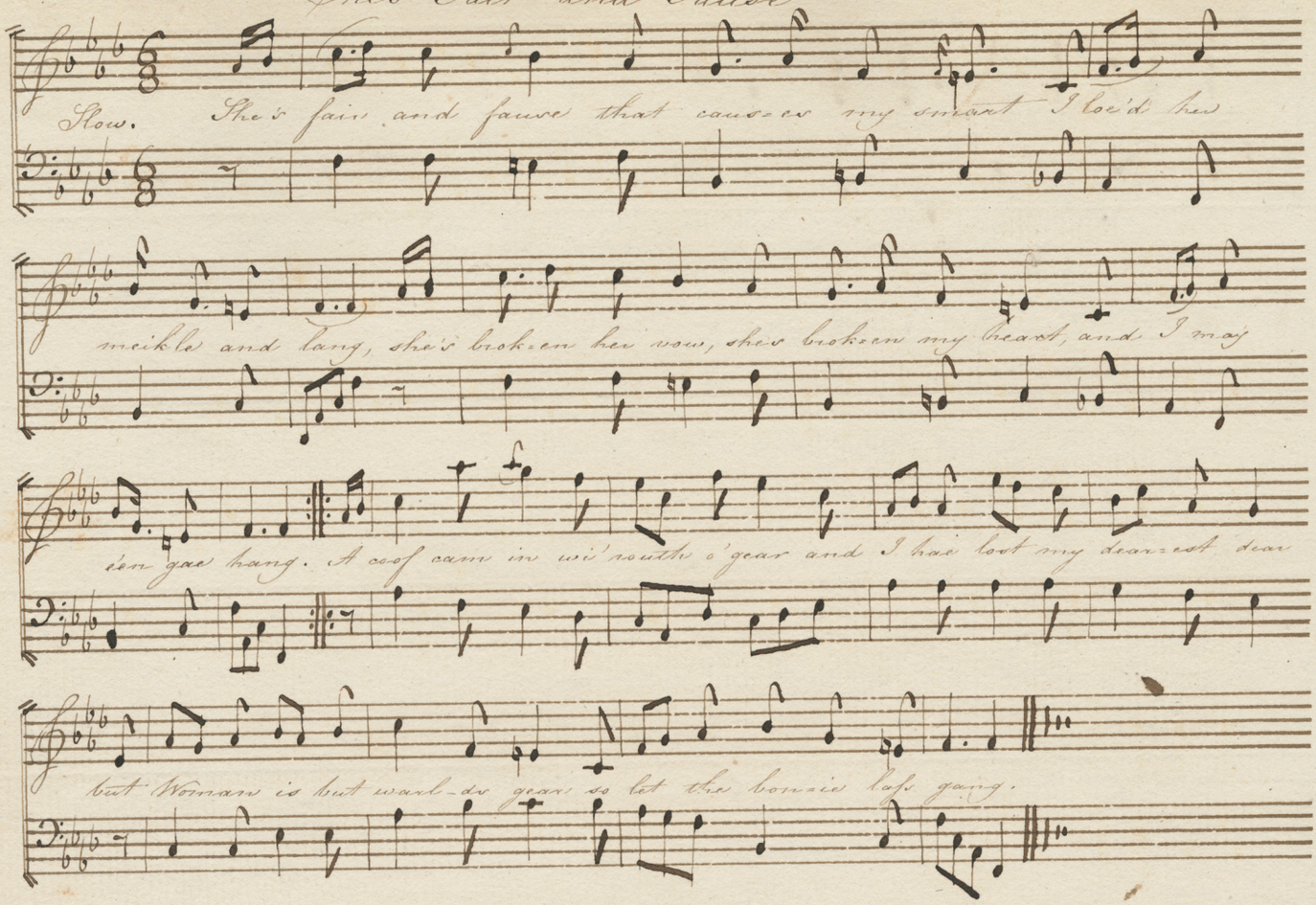



Allegro
lone-ly round and shou'd a foot step hap-ly stray where caution marks the
lone-ly round and shou'd a foot step hap-ly stray where caution marks the
guarded way, where caution marks the guarded way, the guarded way
guarded way, where caution marks the guarded way, the guarded way, who goes
Adagio
a Friend,
good Night!
there: Stranger quickly tell?
the Word,
All's
all's well
good Night!
all, all's well.
well
all's well, the word,
all, all's well.



On sailing on the Midnight Deep,
While weary Messmates soundly sleep,
The careful Watch patroles the Deck
To guard the Ship from Fore or Wreck
And while his Thoughts of homewards veer,
Some well known Voice salutes his Ear
What cheer, Brother, quickly tell?
Above, below, good Night! all's well.

She's Fair and Fause

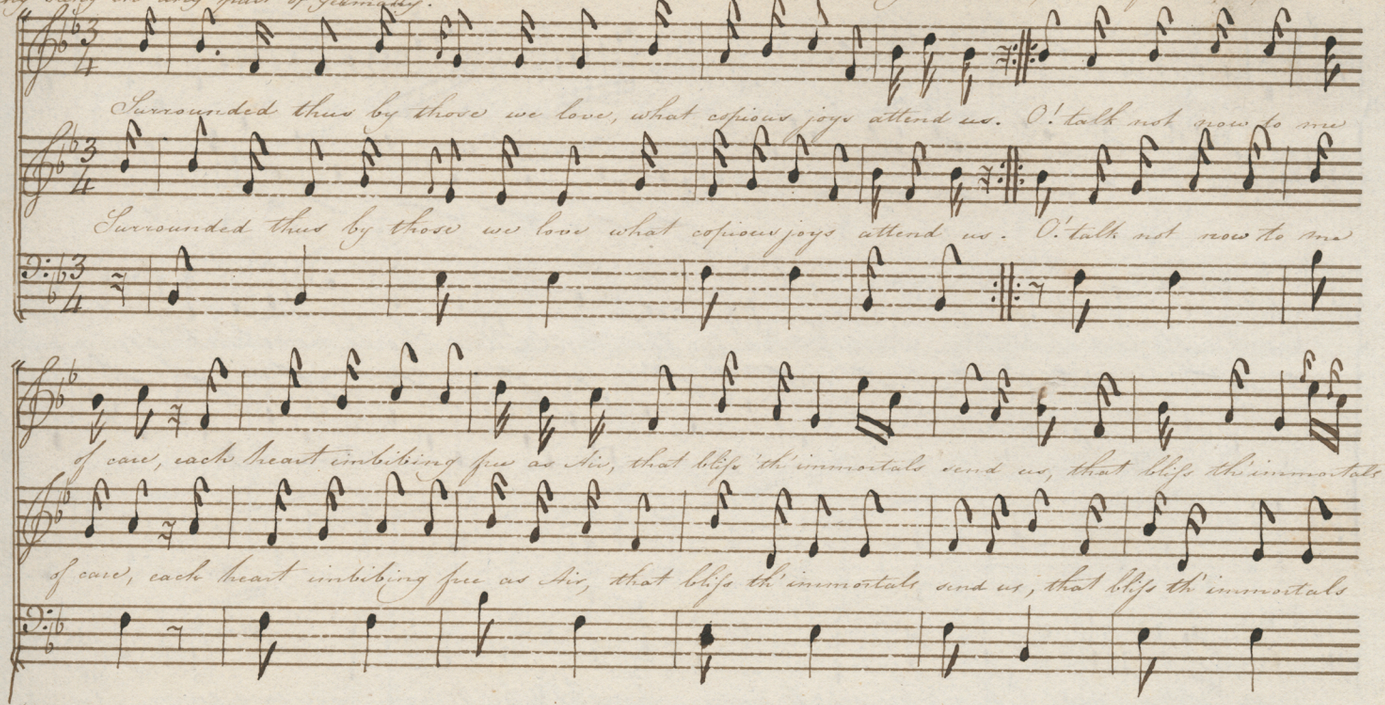


Whae'er ye be that Woman love
To this be never blind
Nae fickle is the fickelest she prove
A Woman kind by kind.

O Woman lovely Woman fair
An Angel form's faun to thy share
'Twad been ev'n sweet to gie'n up air
I mean an Angel mind.

Ein Treues Leben

The Air of the celebrated Song originally introduced in the Robbers by Schiller, and afterwards prohibited from being sung in any part of Germany.

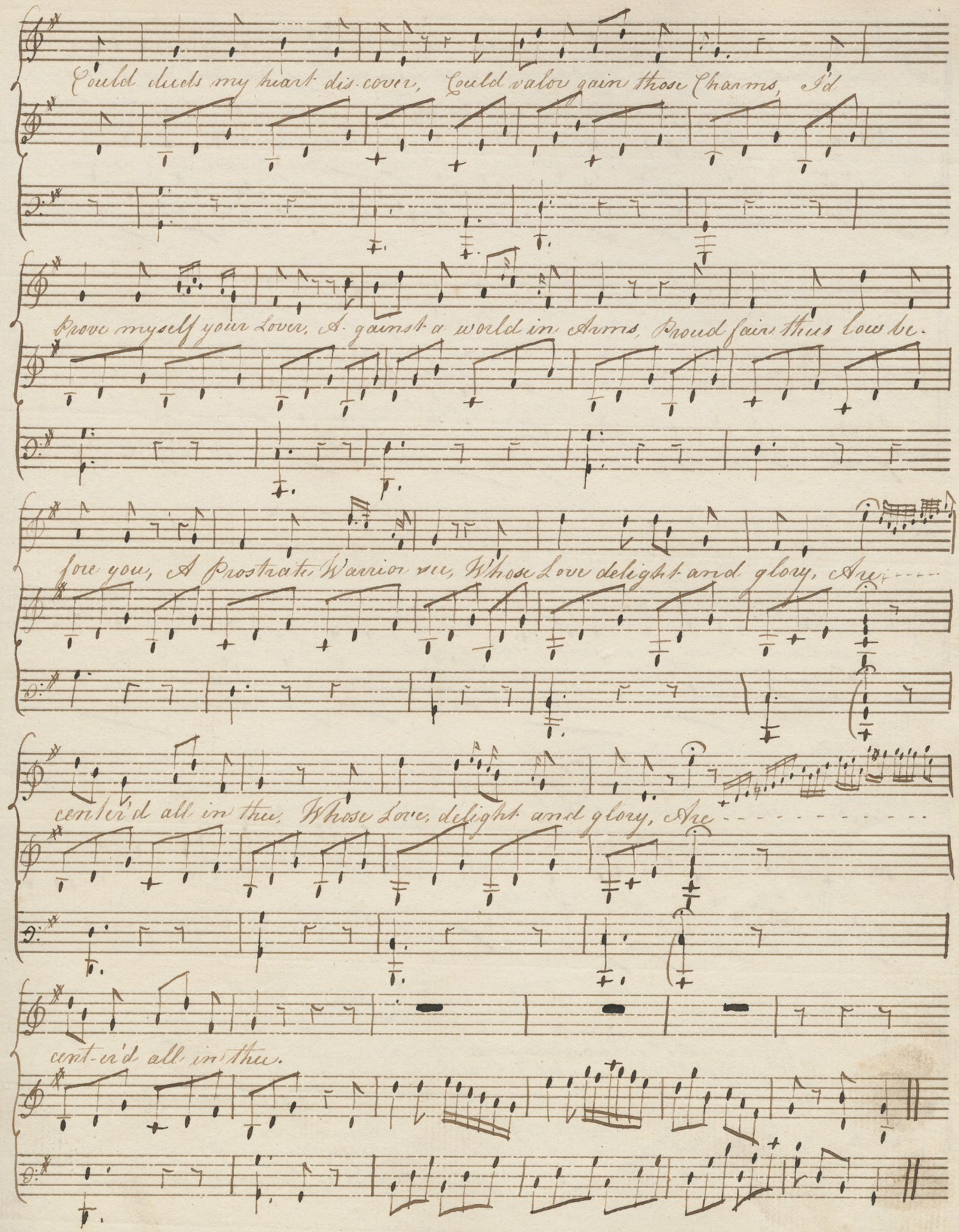


The noble Soul more noble grows,
The poor possesses treasures.
The exil'd Wretch forgets to weep
The Tar forgets the stormy deep
While quaffing social pleasures.

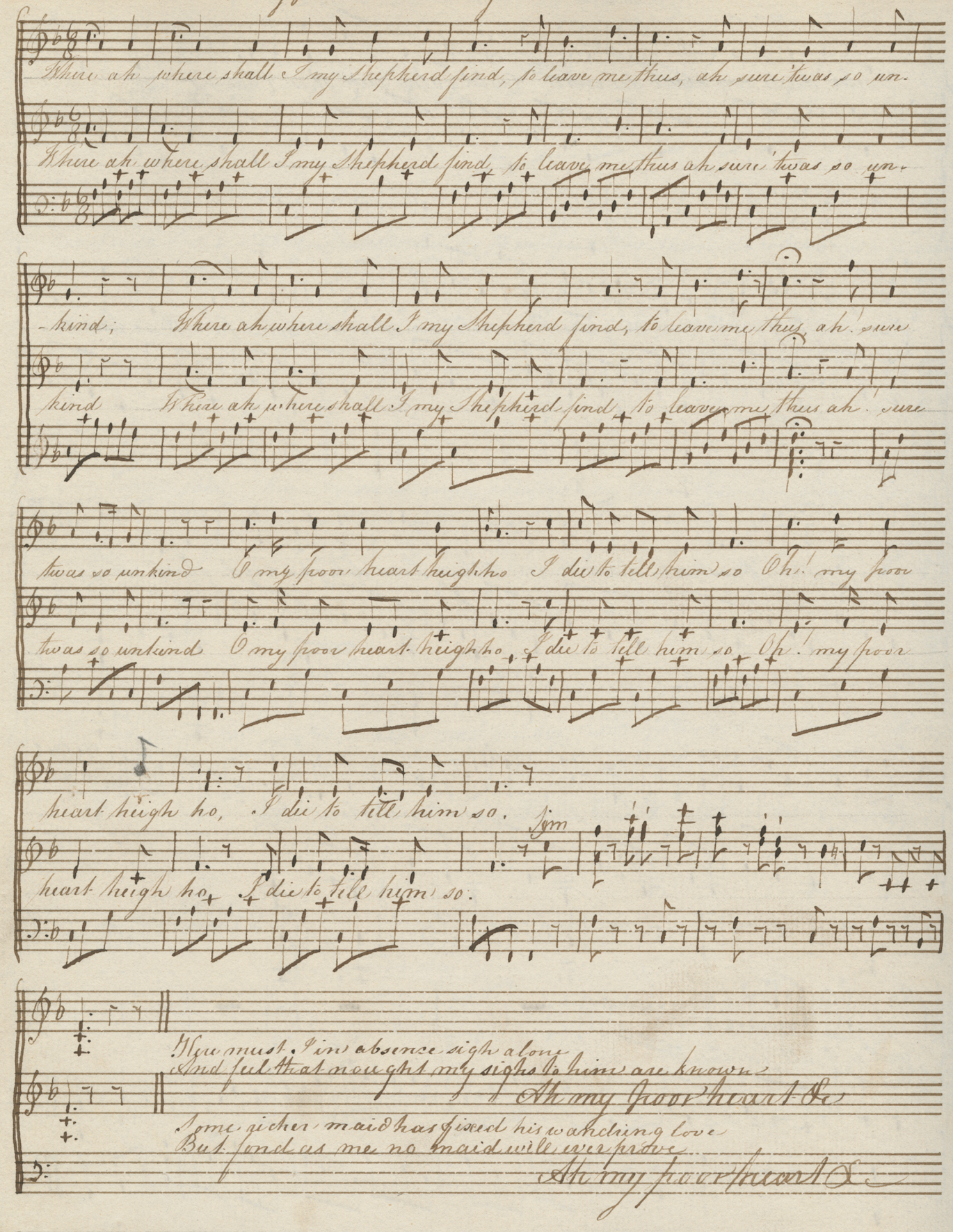
And see the Girls ador'd are by,
To whom our hearts are given,—
By those bright Cheeks those beaming Eyes,
While thus each glorious moment flies,
This Earth resembles Heaven!

My Heart with Love is beating

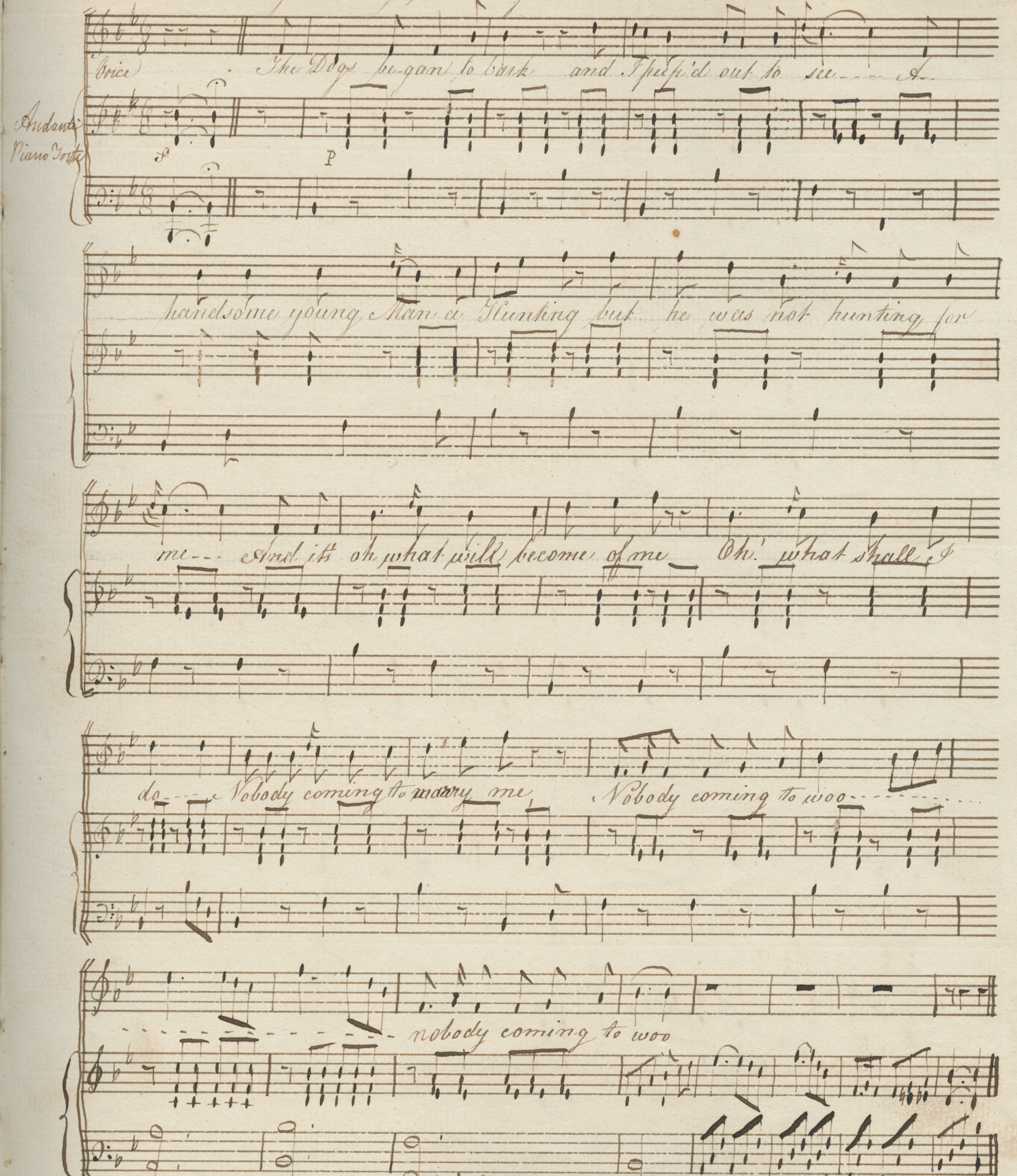



Could duels my heart discover, Could valor gain those Charms, I'd
Prove myself your Lover, A gainst a world in Arms, Proud fair thus low be
fore you, A Prostrate Warrior see, Whose Love delight and glory, Are
center'd all in thee, Whose Love, delight and glory, Are
cent-er'd all in thee.

O my poor heart high ho



Nobody coming to marry me, A Ballad

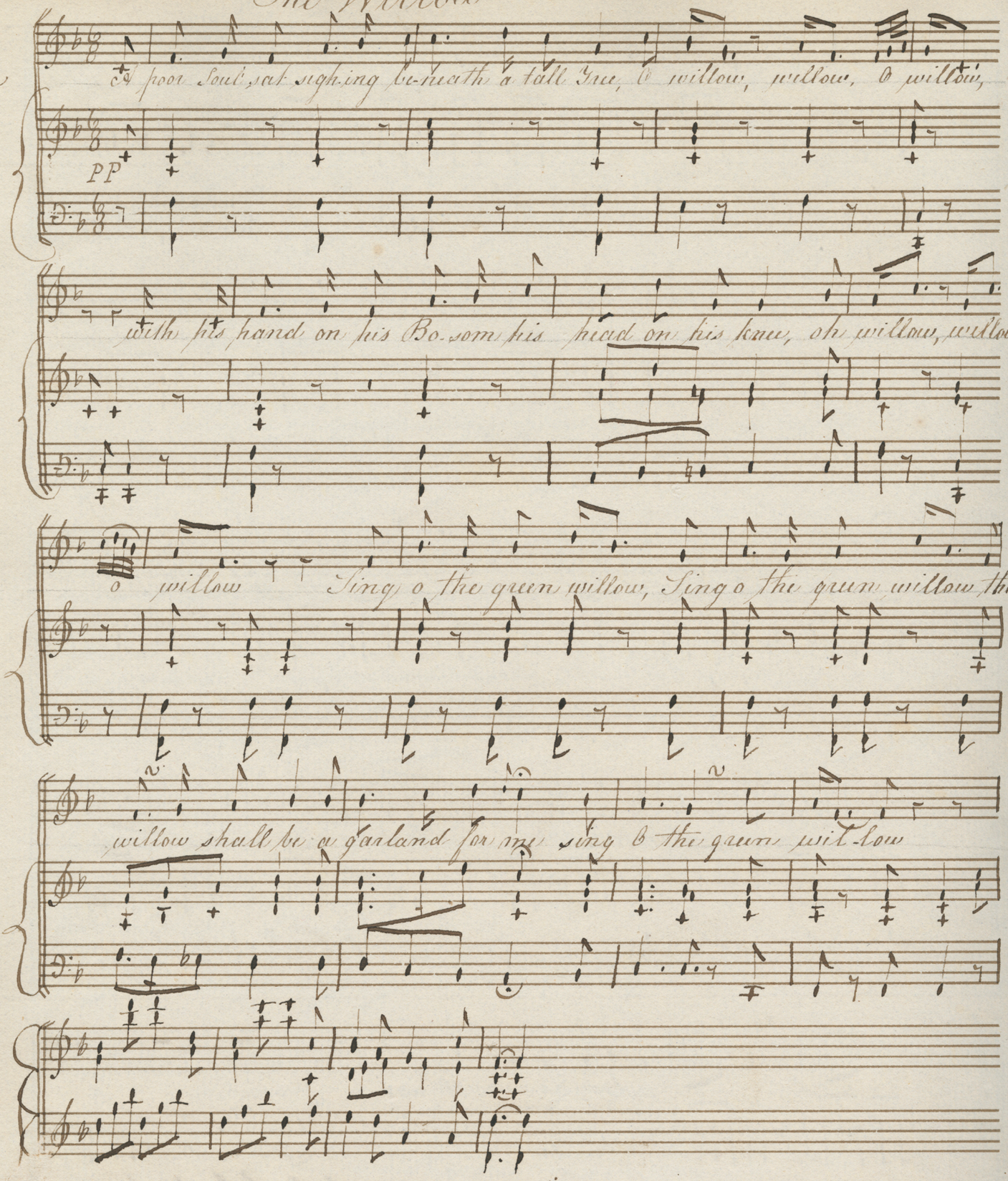


The first time I went to my prayers
I pray'd for half a year
I pray'd for a handsome young man
With a meikle deal of Gear
And its Oh &c

The last time I went to my prayers
I pray'd both night and day
Come blind come lame come cripple
Come some one and take me away
For its Oh &c

And now I have sung you my song
I fear I shall have ill to tell
That I shall be obliged
To lead blind apes in hell
For its Oh &c

The Willow



1st Verse

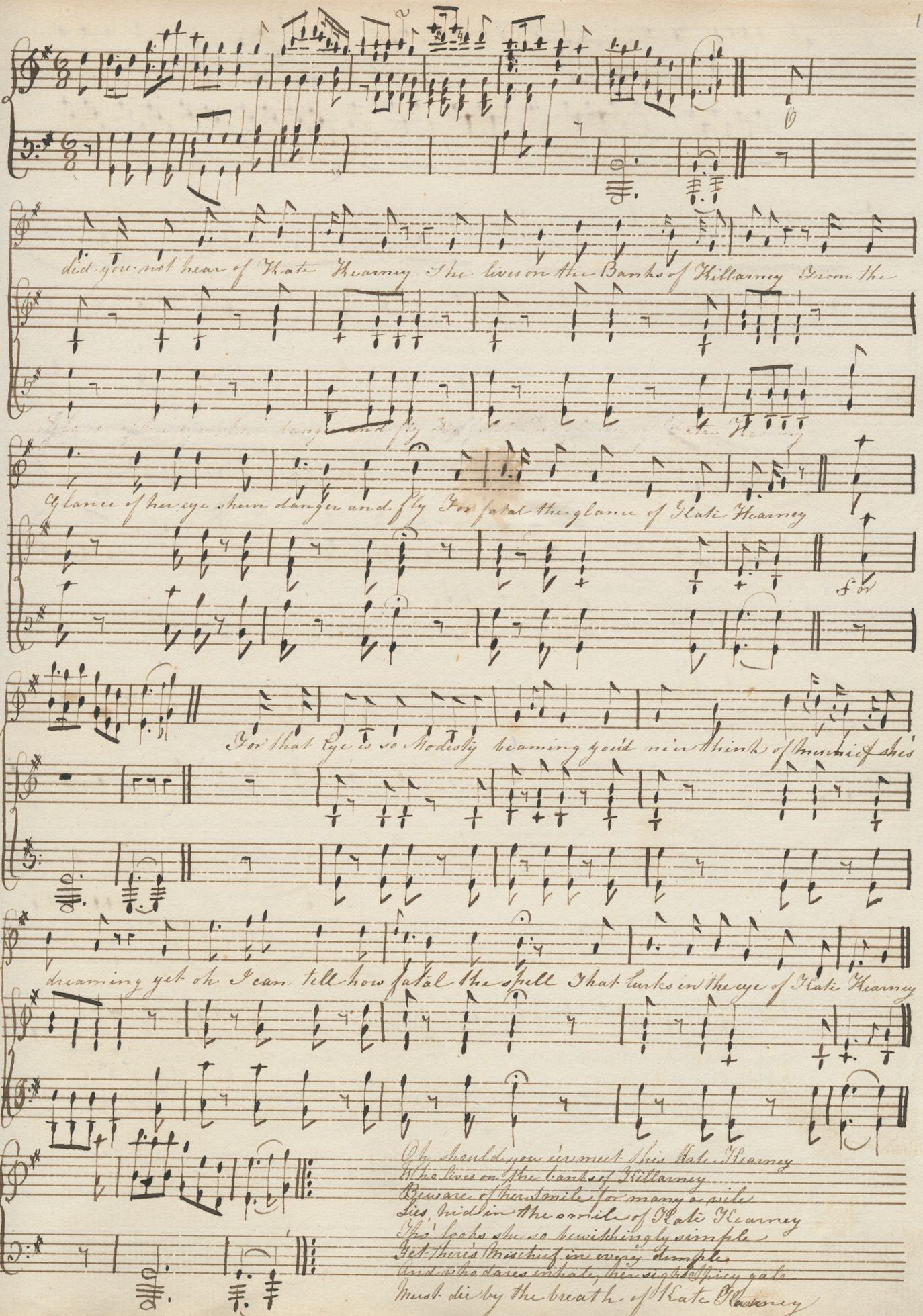
He sigh'd in his singing and at each groan
O willow, willow O willow
I'm dead to all pleasures my true love is gone

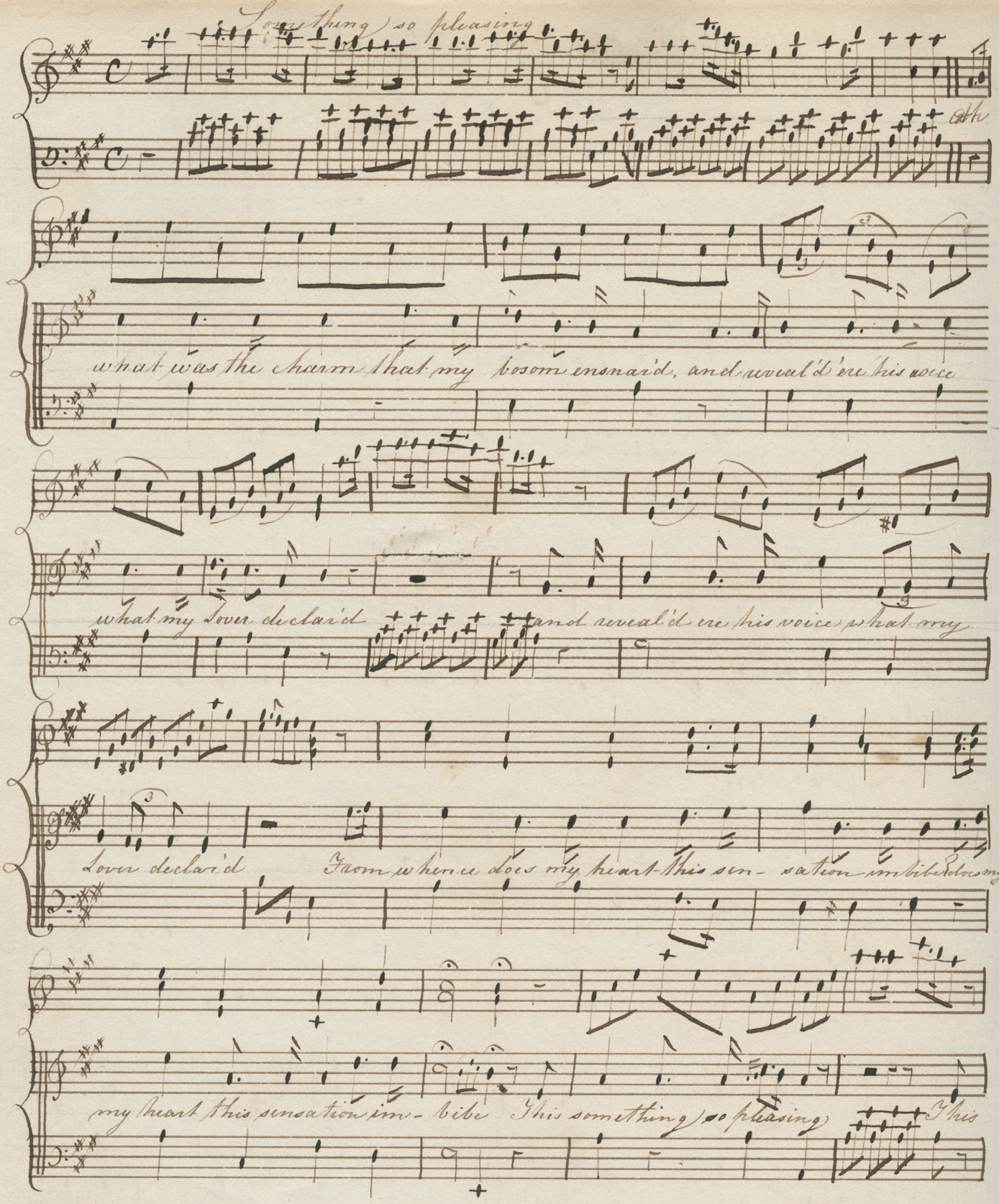
O willow, willow, O willow,
Sing oh the green willow &c

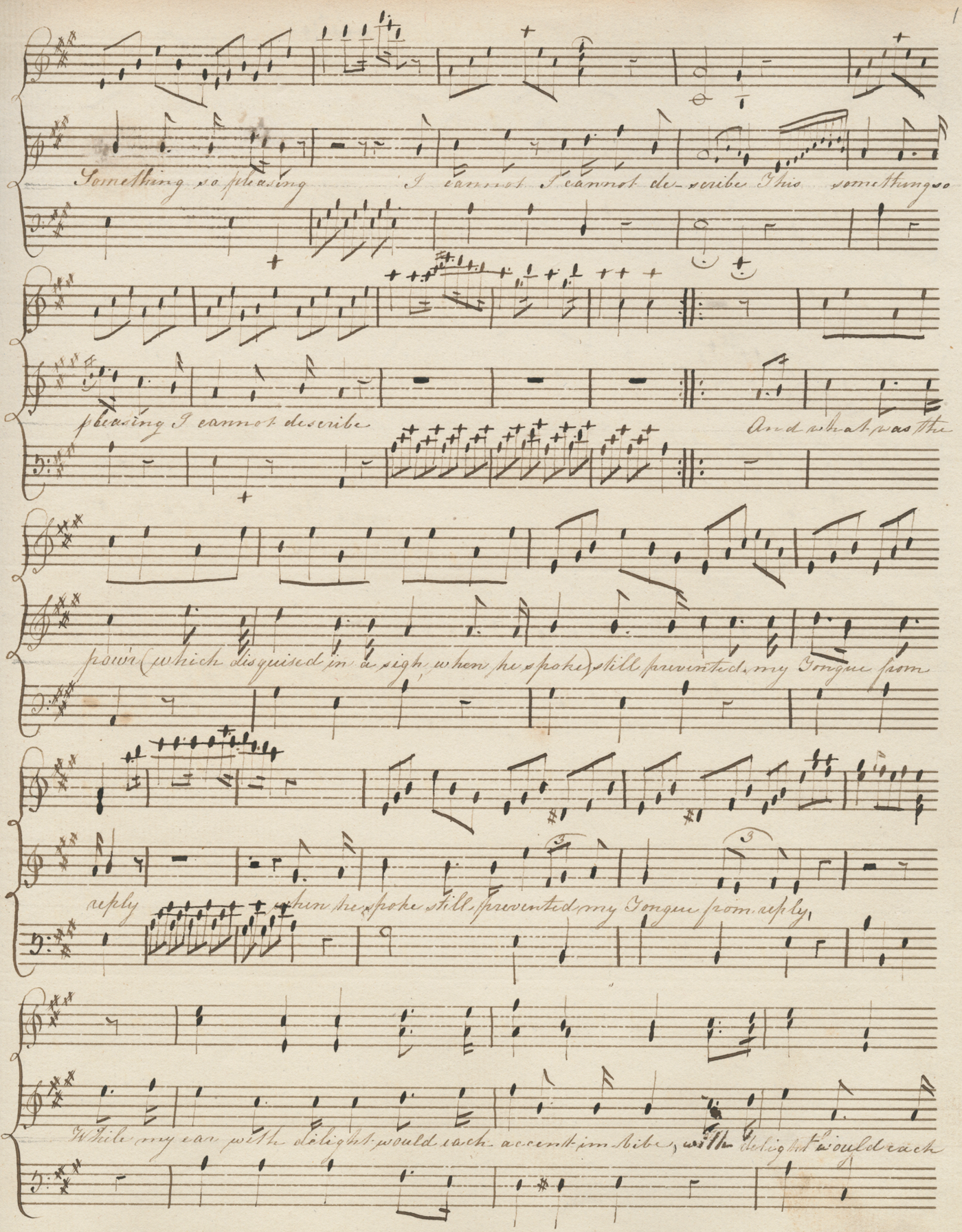
2nd Verse

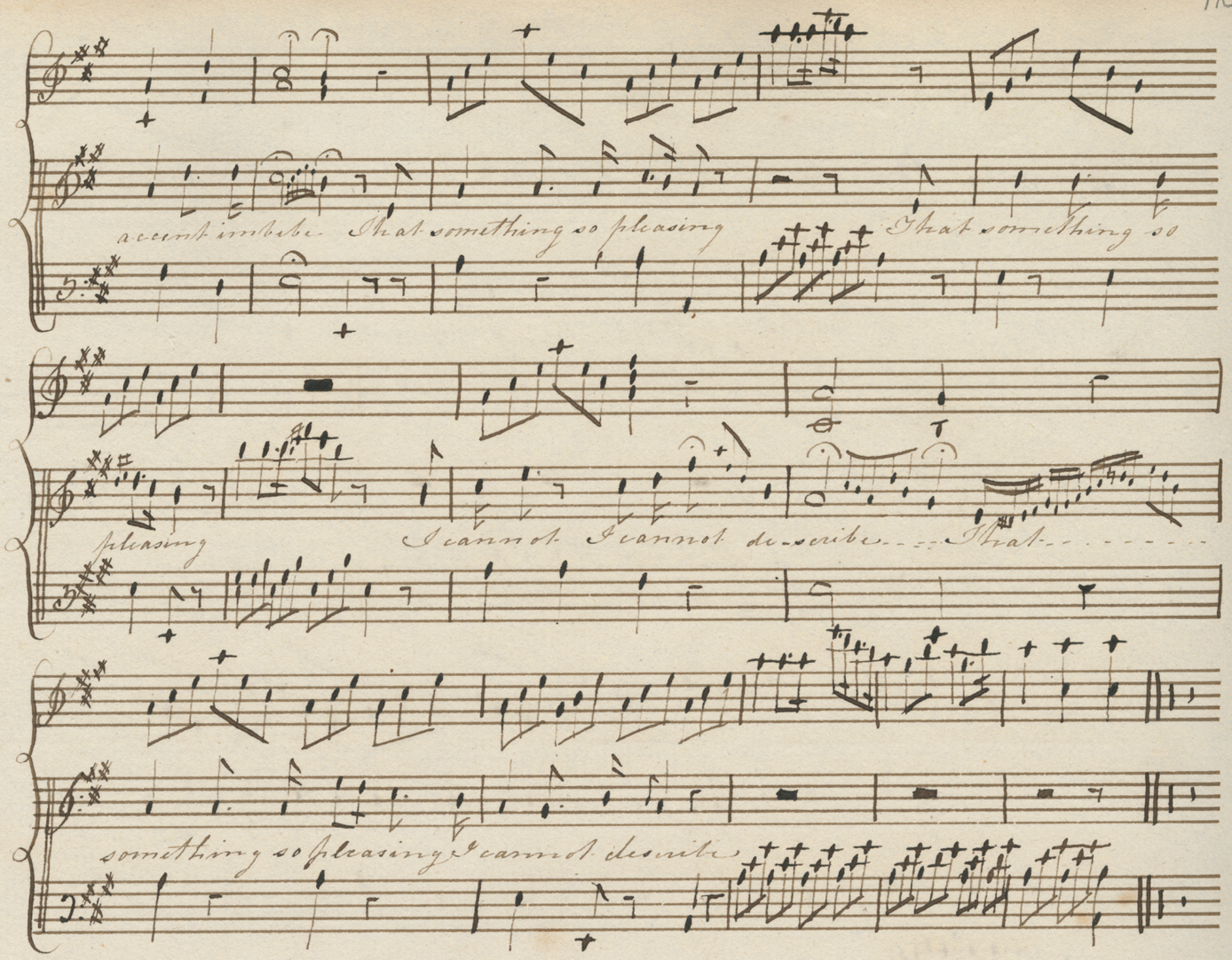
Let nobody blame me, her scorn I thus prove
O willow willow o willow
She was born to be proud & to die for her love

O willow willow o willow
Sing Oh the green willow

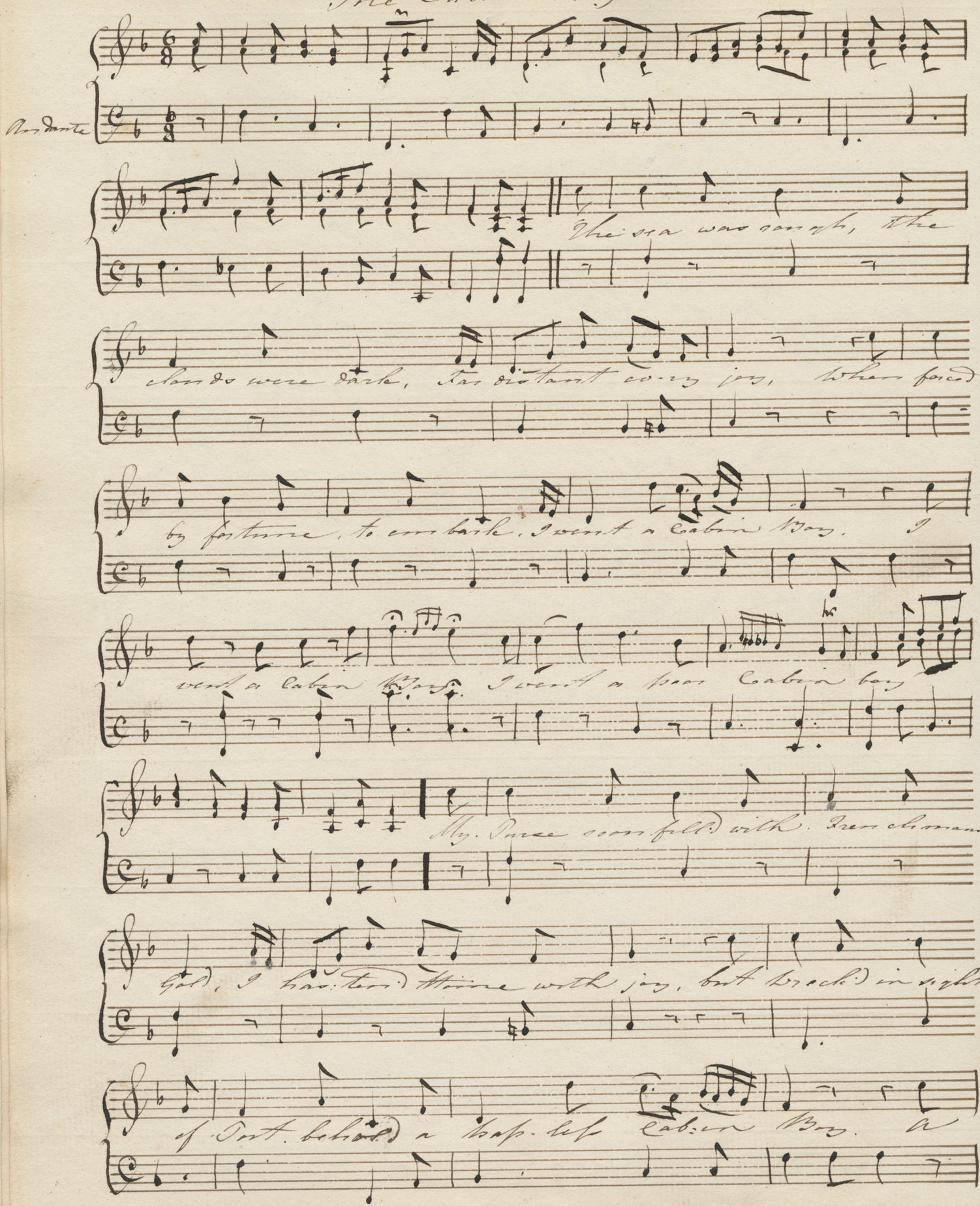

did you not hear of Kate Kearney She lives on the Banks of Killarney From the
glance of her eye shun danger and fly For fatal the glance of Kate Kearney
For that Eye is so Modishly beaming you'd ne'er think of Mischief she's
dreaming yet oh I can tell how fatal the spell That Lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney
Oh should you ever meet Miss Kate Kearney
Who lives on the banks of Killarney
Beware of the dimple for many a wile
Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney
Tho' looks she so bewitchingly simple
Yet there's Mischief in every dimple
And in the dance in that eye, that sly roguish gate
Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney

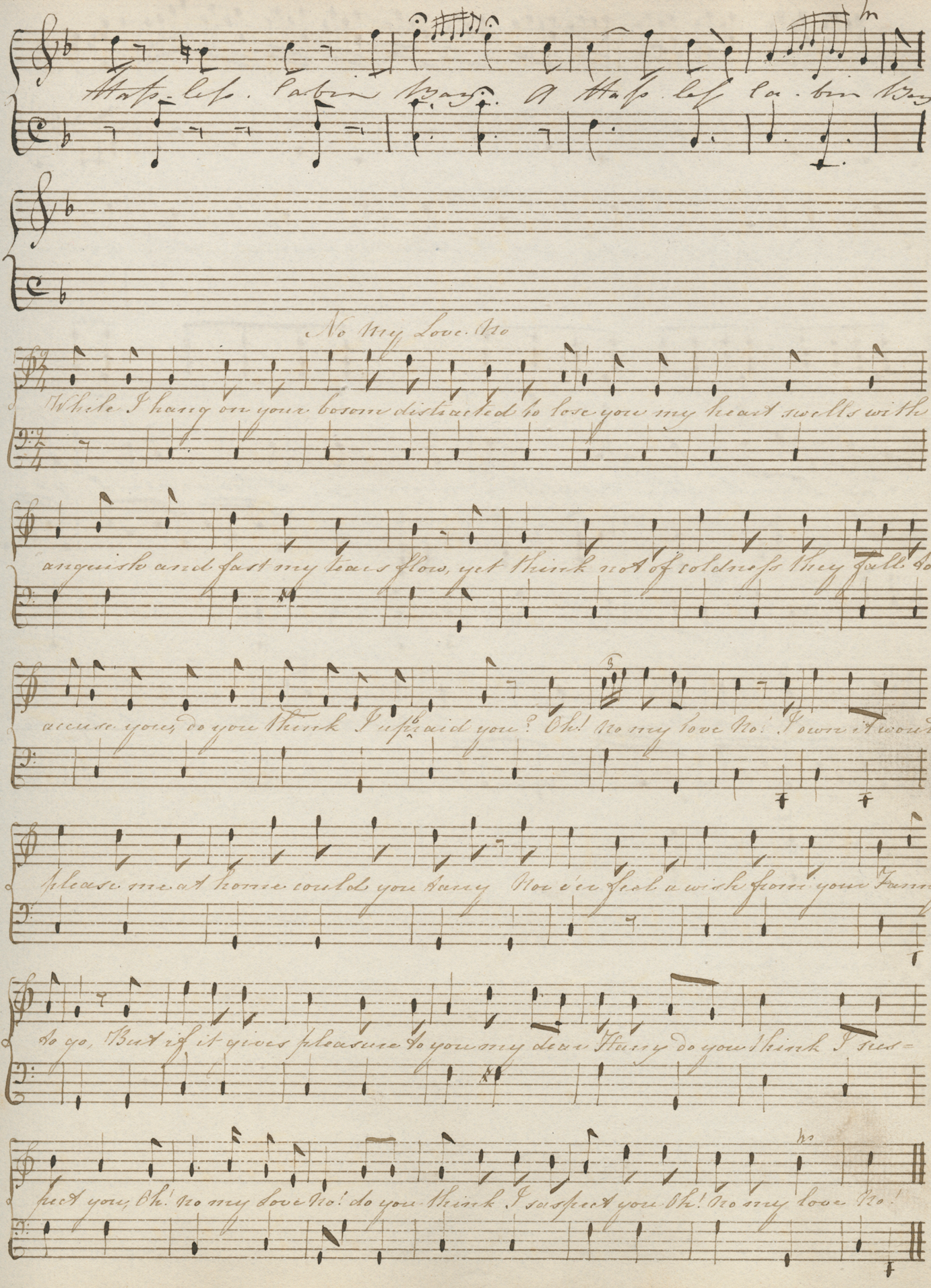

Something so pleasing
Oh
what was the charm that my bosom ensnar'd, and reveal'd ere this voice
what my Lover declar'd and reveal'd ere this voice what my
Lover declar'd From whence does my heart this sen- sation imbibe does my
my heart this sensation im- bibe This something so pleasing This

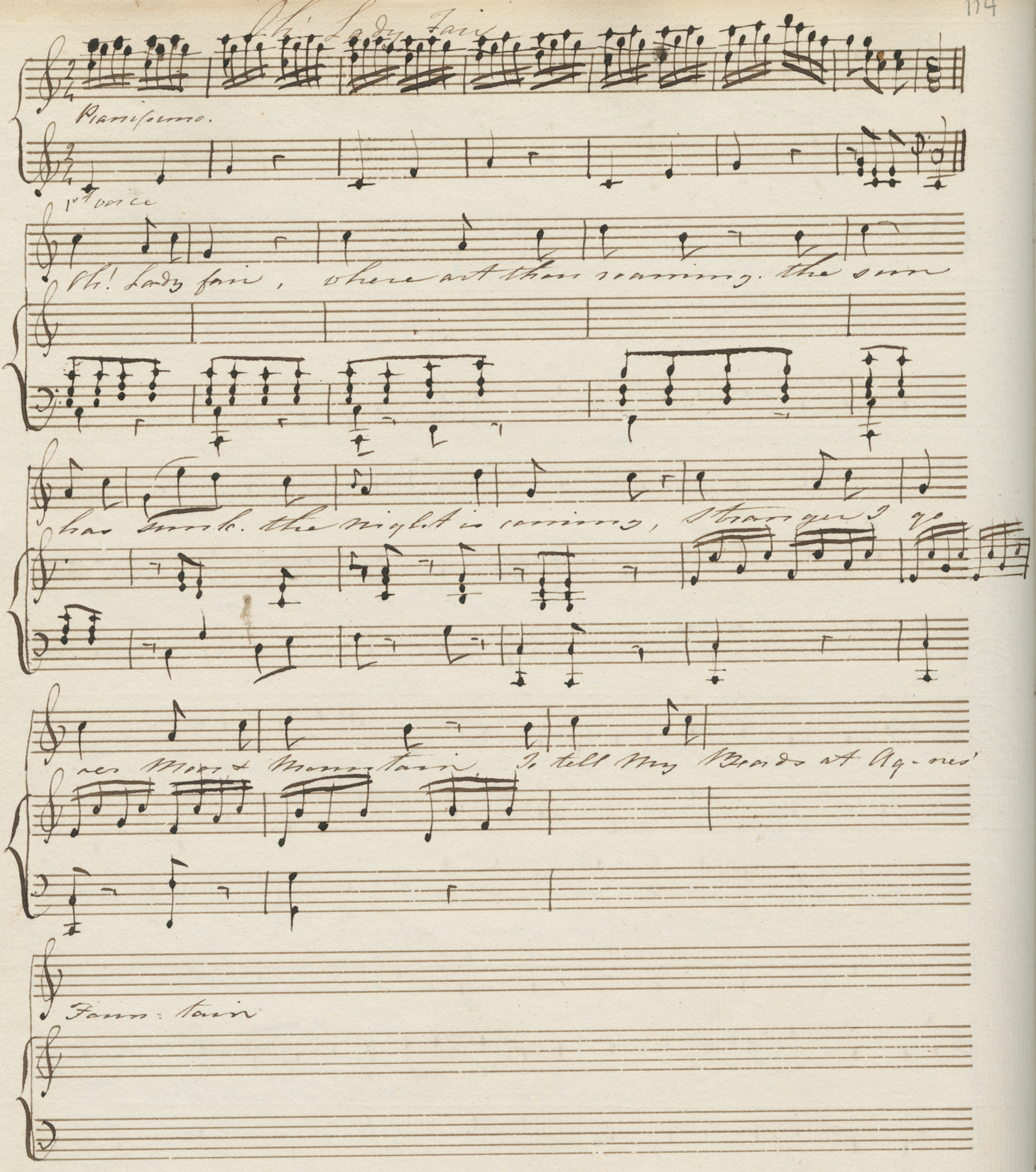

Something so pleasing I cannot I cannot describe This something so
pleasing I cannot describe And what was the
power (which disguised in a sigh when he spoke) still prevented my Tongue from
reply when he spoke still prevented my Tongue from reply,
While my ear with delight would each accent imbibe, with delight would each


accent imbibe That something so pleasing
That something so
pleasing
I cannot I cannot describe That
something so pleasing I cannot describe

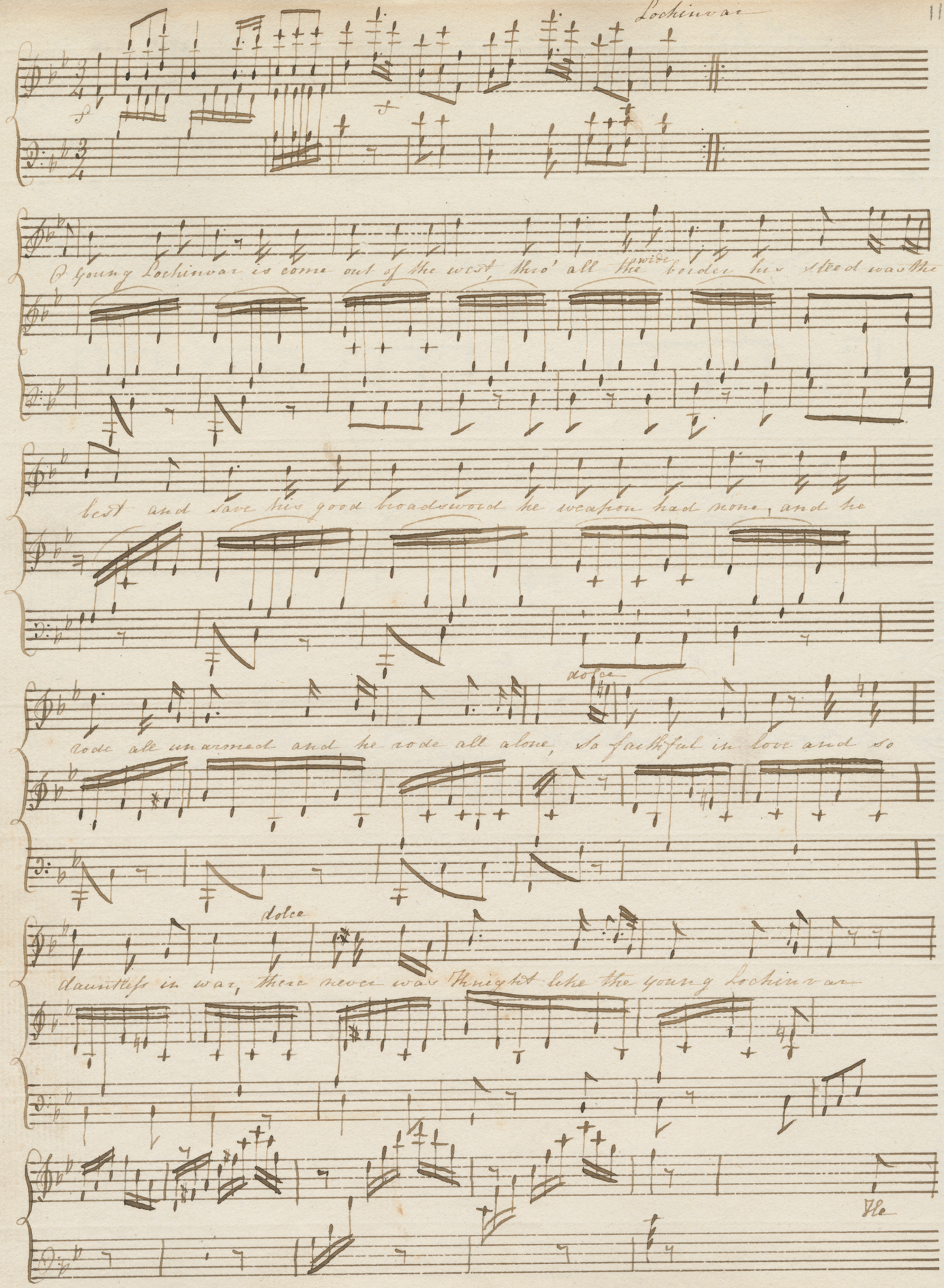
The Cabin Boy

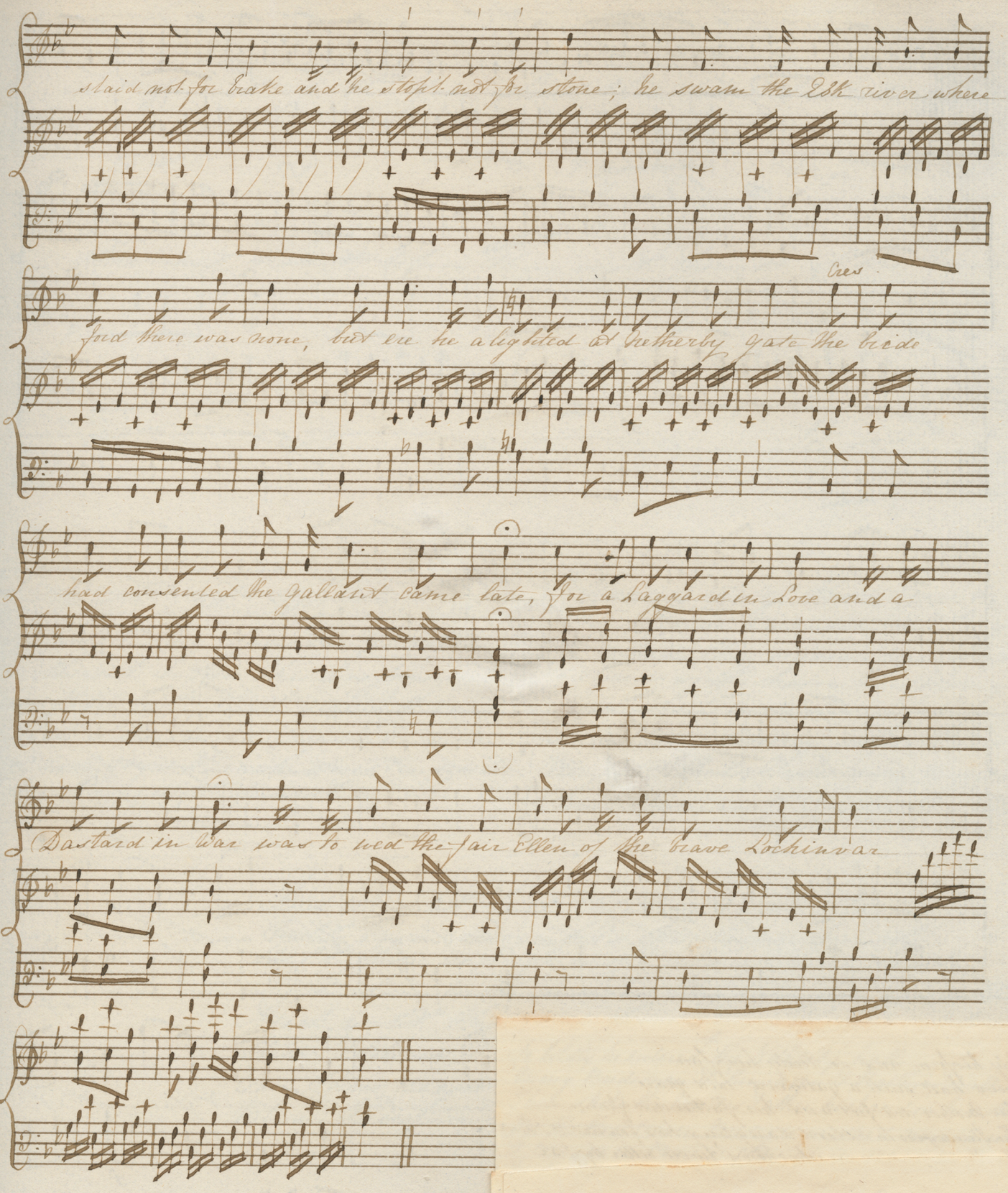



Hark the lark at Heavens gate sings. O Hark the lark at Heavens gate sings.
No my Love No
While I hang on your bosom distracted to lose you my heart swells with the
anguish and fast my tears flow, yet think not of coldness they fall to
accuse you, do you think I suspaid you? Oh! no my love No! I own it would
please me at home could you fanny Nor e'er feel a wish from your Fanny
do go, But if it gives pleasure to you my dear Fanny do you think I sus=
pect you, Oh! no my love No! do you think I suspect you Oh! no my love No!


The Lady Fair
Pianissimo.
1st Voice
Oh! Lady fair, where art thou roaming. the sun
has sunk. the night is coming, Stranger?
ver Mor & Mountain. To tell My Woes at Ag-nes'
Fair.

Lochinvar


f
f
Young Lochinvar is come out of the west, thro' all the wide border his steed was the
best and save his good broadsword he weapon had none, and he
dolce
rode all unarmed and he rode all alone, So faithful in love and so
dolce
dauntless in war, there never was Knight like the young Lochinvar
He


staid not for brake and he stopt not for stone; he swam the Esk river where
Cres
ford there was none, but ere he alighted at Netherby gate the bride
had consented the gallant came late, For a Laggard in Love and a
Dastard in War was to wed the fair Ellen of the brave Lochinvar

2

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall
'Mong Bridesmen & Kinsmen & Brothers & all
Then spoke the Brides Father his hand on his Sword
For the poor Caitiff Bridegroom said never a word
'O come ye in Peace or come ye in war
Or to dance at our Bridal young Lord Lochinvar.'
I long wooed your Daughter my suit you denied
Love swells like the Solway but ebbs like its tide
And now am I come with this last Love of mine
To dance but one measure drink one cup of wine
There are Maidens in Scotland more lovely by far
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar

3

The bride kissed the Goblet the Knight took it up
He quaffed off the Liquor and threw down the cup
She looked down to blush and she looked up to sigh
With a smile on her lip and a tear in her eye
He took her soft hand ere her Mother could bar
Now tread we a measure said the young Lochinvar

So stately his form and so lovely her face
That never a hall such a gallant did grace
While her Mother did fret and her Father did fume
And the Bridegroom stood dangling his Bonnet & Plume
And the Bridesmaidens whispered 'twere better by far
To have matched our fair Cousin with young Lochinvar

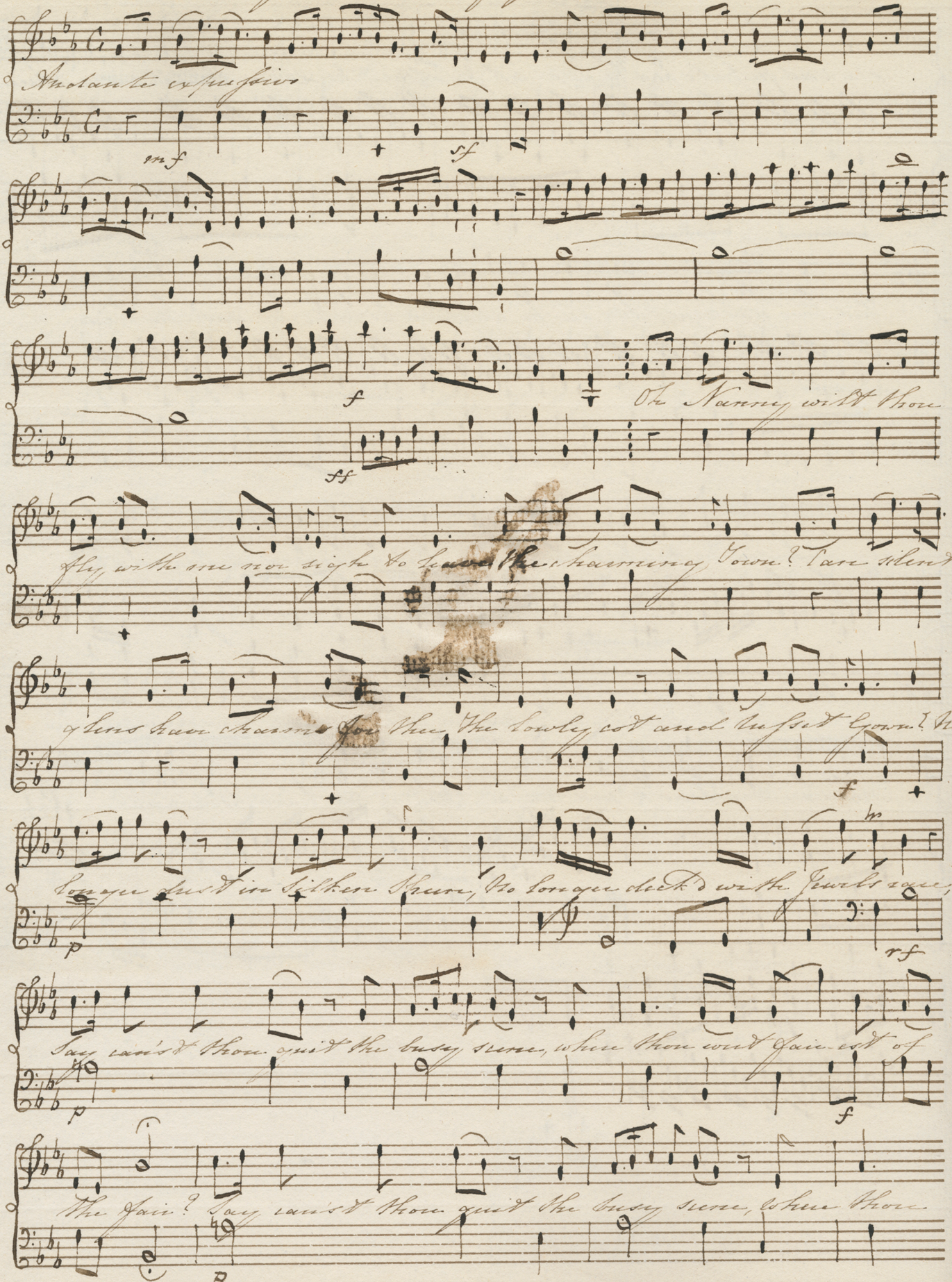
One touch of her hand and one word in her ear
When they reached the hall door and the Charger stood near
So light to the croup the fair Lady he swung
So light to the saddle before her he sprung
She is won we are gone over bank bush & scaur
They'll have fleet Steeds that follow said young Lochinvar

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby Clan
Forsters, Fenwicks and Musgraves they rode & they ran
There was racing and chasing on Netherby Lee
But the lost Bride of Netherby ne'er could they see
So daring in love and so dauntless in war
Have ye ere heard of Gallant like the young Lochinvar

Oh Nanny wilt thou fly with me

by J. Lanter

Andante expressivo





2

O Nanny when Thou'rt Far away
Wilt Thou not cast a wish behind?
Say canst Thou face the flaky sway,
Nor shrink to the the dancing wind?
O can that soft that gentlest smile,
Resist Boreas's fiercest blow
Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
Where Thou wert Fairest of the Fair

3

O Nanny can'st Thou love so true,
Thro' perils keen as me to woo,
Or when they swain misfortune shall wreck
To share with him the poverty of fate
And when in adverse storms he sail
Wilt Thou assume the pilot care
Nor, wishful, Thou gay scenes recall,
Where Thou wert Fairest of the Fair

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt Thou receive his parting breath
Wilt Thou repress each struggling sigh
And when with smiles resigned yet fond forbear?
And wilt Thou o'er his breast so cold Clay
Strew Flowers, and drop the tender Tear
Nor then regret those scenes so gay
Where Thou wert Fairest of the Fair